THE New Republic

My Discovery of Clarence Darrow
by Melvyn Douglas

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# A View from the Law

## *Playwright Arthur Miller on Trial*

## Baltimore Is Pure Once More

*by Gerald W. Johnson*

&

## *Spring Literary Review*

Robert Graves  Donald Malcolm  Philip Deane
Harry T. Moore  Janet Winn  Bass Yarling
Frederic W. Collins  R. W. Flint  Harold Witt

MAY 27, 1957  25c

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# Washington Wire

## The Abominable No-Man

IN EVERY NATION that survives there is somebody who says "No." In Helsinki (where by the whim of journalism this column has been transported) it is a prim little man with a will of iron. He is quiet, kindly, school-teacherish, Rainer von Fieandt, governor of the Bank of Finland. The cost of living has risen 20 percent in one year; the Russian team of "B & K" arrive for one of their state visits in June; the Cabinet (composed of organized workers and organized farmers, who run Finland) is in a state of suspended crisis, and the aforesaid trade unionists (Christian Socialists) and farmers (Agrarians) are trying to decide whether to give the inflation spiral another whirl. Von Fieandt says "No." He has shut off the credit.

Inflation is a pleasant poison; some nations live comfortably with it for years. The trouble here is that Finland's exhilarating boom hangs on exports of pulp, paper and plywood products, and if costs go up anymore she won't be able to compete in world markets. It is a fascinating little crisis of classic economics.

Rainer von Fieandt weighs 150 pounds or so, stands about five feet eight, wears a drab blue suit and bow tie, and has humor wrinkles that lead to his rimless spectacles. He sits at his desk looking out through customary double-glass Helsinki storm windows at a kind of mid-Victorian, neo-classical Saint Petersburg of cream-colored stucco brick in the world's northernmost capital. He sits demurely and says "No." He is the man who is holding money tight—the situation in Washington is child's play compared to this. The politicians here are almost at the bottom of their reserve of foreign exchange, the nation senses that it is now or never, the Social Democrats, who are the driving political force, are split (half would try a final wage increase spiral, half wouldn't) and von Fieandt shakes his head. He has far more autonomy than the Federal Reserve Board or even the Bank of England. Nobody can remove him but the President (in Finland a non-political job). War is exciting but peace has its moments, too. To some, von Fieandt is the hero. To others—the Abominable No-man.

There are 43 Communists in the Parliament of 200. They detest Finland's "Mr. Conscience" (who started off as a private banker) and denounce him as a dirty capitalist. Actually Finland's indifference to free enterprise and casual acceptance of "creeping socialism" would crisp the hair of Messrs. Humphrey and Eisenhower. (Finland is another reminder that hardly any part of the world any longer is safe for a good Republican.)

## Stolid and Passionate

WE FLEW 600 miles north to Rovaniemi and watched the ice go out of the Kemi River on the Arctic Circle where a great power system of eight major dams and 20 smaller ones is being built in Lapland. There was a swishing, grinding sound as the implacable river brought down gray-green lumps of ice —any one of them sufficient for all of Washington's cocktail glasses for a week —or pushed them up like floundering seals on the muddy shores. Dominating the scene on the bank above was a magnificent bronze sculpture of a lumberjack by a native Finnish artist. America could understand the energy and vitality of the place—at war's end only 18 buildings were left standing, today a reconstructed town of 16,000. What America could not duplicate or scarcely understand is the necessity for this crowning touch of sculpture in the stark frontier setting, the thrilling mural altar-piece by Lennart Segerstrale in the community church (95 percent of Finns are Lutherans) and the inevitable, simultaneous, self-expression of the race, at once so stolid and so passionate, both in works of art and in whirring dynamos. For the Finns, who see more plays per capita than Americans, buy more newspapers, read more books, the two things are inseparable.

Finland has only four million people but, of course, its importance to the world is out of all proportion to its size. It is the Cold War symbol of co-existence. It is under the very paw of the Soviet bear and survives, an independent democracy. Instead of crushing it, Moscow sends the Bolshoi Ballet. Soon the smiling B & K will be coming. Fascinated Americans ask how they will be treated.

The answer is that the atmosphere is different here in Finland. There are no highway signs announcing that "in case of enemy attack" such and such road will be closed. That is all right—4,000 miles away! Finland has a contiguous border; fought three recent wars with Russia in five years, and had 83,000 killed (the American equivalent—three million). On top of this Finland lost rich territory, had to pay $227 million in reparations (and paid it in full, ahead of time, just as it paid its World War I debt to America). America has not yet learned how to live in danger; Finland has lived in danger since the beginning of history. She is no less resolute, but she is quite cool.

Sometimes there are signs that how-to-treat Finland puzzles Moscow, too. There have been one or two clumsy ursine concessions. "See," Moscow says, "we are really good fellows at heart!" Who knows, maybe Helsinki will teach the bear manners.

## Vodka and Sauna

IT IS no use denying that the Finns have to toe a narrow line. Whatever their private feelings, they will be polite to B & K. They will not be hypocritical but there will be no incidents — no Mayor of New York, say, snubbing King Ibn Saud. Small nations can't afford such tricks. They will all be jolly together and drink vodka and take many Finnish baths or sauna where the steam temperature from water thrown on hot stones rises almost to the boiling point. Sauna are bad for weak hearts. At the boiling point the heat would kill you. The art is to live and enjoy the sauna, without letting the temperature rise above the critical point. If you can master that trick, you can roll in the snow afterwards.

**T.R.B.**

*Helsinki*

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The New Republic

A JOURNAL OF OPINION

MAY 27, 1957

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# Correspondence

► *Kennan's Verdict*

SIRS:

MY attention has recently been called to the review in your columns (*NR*, November 5) of George Kennan's book, *Russia Leaves the War*. This volume, which has just been awarded a Pulitzer Prize, has many important documents in it but unfortunately Kennan was not in Russia in the period he is reporting. It seems to me he has allowed his own later impressions to color his thinking. It will be remembered that in 1918 the Germans demanded from Russia very unjust peace terms. Rather than accept these, Lenin was willing to send out feelers to see if England and France would not give the Russians military aid if they continued to fight.

In his final conclusion Kennan dogmatically asserts that Russia would not have continued the War against Germany even if she had been promised

*(Continued on page 31)*

# Runaway Radiation

WE HAVE at least passed the point, one must hope, when demands for the cessation of further nuclear weapons tests can be damned as "Communist-inspired." The demands are fear-inspired—fear of bone cancer, of leukemia, of future harmful genetic effects induced by radioactivity. No naïve faith in Russia's good intentions prompts the head of the Medical Research Council at the Harwell atomic center in England to say "it would be prudent to go easy." The Tokyo Government is considering an appeal to the World Court to order a halt to the tests. Eighteen of Germany's most prominent atomic scientists announce their refusal to help develop atomic weapons. Religious leaders, Nehru, the American and British Federations of Atomic Scientists are pleading for a halt.

Even public opinion in this country—though one would not know it from the silence of most politicians, in both parties—has begun to understand what is happening. The latest Gallup Poll shows 63 percent of those interviewed answering "yes" to the question: "If all other nations, including Russia, agree to stop making any more tests with nuclear weapons and H-bombs, should the US agree to stop, or not?" Last fall, when Adlai Stevenson urged a moratorium on testing, only 24 percent favored his proposal—and Mr. Stevenson was not suggesting the cessation of "any more tests" but merely an end to the testing of large bombs, the explosion of which could be detected without international agreement on inspection.

Atomic Energy Commissioner Willard Libby asks Albert Schweitzer to weigh the "small" risks of continued nuclear tests against "the far greater risk, to freedom-loving people everywhere in the world, of not maintaining our defenses against the totalitarian forces at large in the world until such time as safeguarded disarmament may be achieved." But those are *not* the alternatives. "Safeguarded disarmament" is *not* a precondition for cessation of nuclear testing. The two are not synonymous, and the second does not depend upon the first. As atomic physicist David R. Inglis points out in an article *The New Republic* will publish next week, the monitoring of an agreement to stop further tests "would be far simpler than for more extensive arms limitation":

> It would consist primarily of the same type of air sampling at a distance that is carried out now, but preferably under UN auspices. It might perhaps be necessary to supplement this with a few ground observation posts (such as already suggested by the Russians) if we were to be very careful about excluding the possibility of very small and thus relatively unimportant tests. Such an agreement would leave unaltered the stabilizing influence of deterrence with our present amply destructive weapons.

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# Alone in Paris

NOT ONE of the other governments at the 15-nation conference on China trade sided with the US last week in Paris. The rest wanted to abolish outright the present "China differential"—which applies more stringent embargo restrictions to China than to the USSR and Eastern Europe. As a gesture to the US, the French suggested abolition-by-installment, over a period of one year. But even that was opposed by our representatives, and we stood alone. The discussions clearly mark not only the end of the present China embargo, but another parting of the ways between the US and its allies.

Peking has deliberately aggravated the split by publicizing the potentialities of the China market, which are not as enticing as Peking suggests. In the next few years, to illustrate, British exports to the Chinese mainland are expected to level off at $60 million annually; French and German not much above the $23 million and $37 million, respectively, for 1956; and Japan's exports at $24 million—barring greater availability of iron ore in China.

Our government's stubbornness rests on one assumption: the Moscow-Peking axis is permanent and poses what is essentially a military threat. As the US working paper in Paris put it: "continued embargo . . . will have a real effect on Communist Chinese capabilities to wage war." But that assumption must be examined in the light of two facts: an embargo, to be reasonably effective, requires the cooperation of many nations, and that cooperation has steadily declined over the past two years. Second, our rigidity forecloses the possibility of any alternative to Peking's solidarity with the Soviet Union.

Admittedly there are risks in acting as if Sino-Soviet ties could be loosened: the Chinese will, for the present, certainly try to get the best of both worlds by trading with the West without severing their strategic and ideological ties with the USSR. But what of the opposite risk of depriving ourselves of any opportunity for influencing the character of Peking's relations to Moscow?

# Disarmament Recess

THE fluctuations of opinion on the disarmament talks in London, now in recess, have a refreshing novelty about them. The chairman of the US Chiefs of Staff, Adm. Arthur Radford, goes so far as to suggest that "we cannot trust the Russians on this or anything." This time we are getting pessimism before the event, as well as optimism. The rose-colored glasses turn out to be bifocals, with deep purple sectors for close-up reviewing. As a change from nothing but optimism, this has the wholesome effect of flattening out the curve somewhere near realism and stability, and provides encouraging reminder that in the deeper echelons of the government there is an objective expertise more interested in accurate analysis than in sustaining the spirits of the chiefs and the public.

In this instance, it must be said, it would be unkind and without warrant to chide the Administration for its early optimism. Close-up observation had persuaded American diplomats that this time the USSR might really be ready for serious negotiation because of the economic pressure of armaments and from fear of a runaway nuclear arms race. This hope was enhanced by the indomitable optimism of Harold Stassen, but that is a good thing, too, close to indispensable in this particular enterprise. The chance of getting somewhere is certainly heightened by his determined belief that we can; and by the President's reminder that there can be no real budget-cutting without a lowering of international tensions. But, these things being granted, the latest evaluations are chilling. Economic pressure as a factor in Soviet arms policy is now minimized. It is a factor which may not only be inapplicable, but which seems not to exist in the measure we had supposed. The Khrushchev interview with Mr. Catledge of *The New York Times* disclosed a Stalinesque, or at least Molotovian, intransigence on German unification and satellite liberation. That is the frowning mass of Soviet policy, and only against it can the seemingly sunnier aspect at London be judged.

# Doubts in the Senate

FOR two months the Senate Foreign Relations Committee has delayed action on a treaty which would affiliate our government with the new International Atomic Energy Agency. The Soviet Union was first to join, followed by Guatemala, Switzerland, Byelorussia and Roumania. Our delay is all the more puzzling since this is the atoms-for-peace agency proposed originally by

THE NEW REPUBLIC
1244 NINETEENTH ST. N.W., WASHINGTON 6, D. C.

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Published weekly and Copyrighted, 1957 in the USA by The New Republic, Inc., and distributed to newsstands by the Eastern News Company, N. Y. 14, N. Y. Phone: REpublic 7-8656. Entered as second-class matter September 26, 1950, at the post office at Washington, D. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Single copy, 25c; Yearly subscription, $7.00; Foreign, $8.00; Armed Forces personnel or students, $5.00. Subscribers desiring change of address should notify us at least three weeks in advance. Please include both old and new addresses.

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President Eisenhower in his speech before the UN General Assembly in 1953; the treaty the Senate is considering is the same document which our negotiators persuaded 80 nations to accept at an international drafting conference last autumn.

The new agency would promote peaceful uses of atomic energy, administer the uses to which an international pool of atomic fuel will be put, and supervise an inspection system so as to prevent diversion of its atomic materials to the military.

Opposition in Congress comes chiefly from Senators Knowland (R, Calif.), Bricker (R, Ohio), Hickenlooper (R, Iowa), and Russell (D, Ga.) who among them have pressed four delaying arguments: 1) bilateral American control over peaceful atomic projects is preferable; 2) affiliation will involve us in more give-aways; 3) the international agency might leak atomic secrets and so increase the number of countries possessing atomic weapons; and 4) Communists apparently see some advantage to themselves in the scheme—which must mean it can't be good for us.

We find Secretary of State Dulles' answers to these objections entirely persuasive. Regarding a bilateral approach, Mr. Dulles observes that should the Soviet Union, Britain and the US compete in offering atomic fuels to other nations, the rigid inspection procedures which 80 nations have accepted would break down.

On give-aways: The new agency will sell or lease fuel, the money going to the producing nation, and the price must be satisfactory to the producer.

On atomic secrets: The new agency has no access to military secrets, and far from encouraging the spread of atomic weapons, the proposed inspection system would offer our best safeguard to date in discouraging the development of weapons by "fourth countries."

On advantage to the Communists: Smaller and less developed countries have shown great enthusiasm for Mr. Eisenhower's atoms-for-peace plan. If we repudiate our own child, that surely would strengthen the Communist advantage. To date the US has offered the agency 5,000 kilograms of fuel, the Russians have offered 50.

Potentially the IAEA is one of the few triumphs of recent American diplomacy. Will the Senate turn it into a defeat?

# Eisenhower Is Right

THE President's proposals for foreign assistance in 1957-58 are basically sound and reflect the broad consensus reached by committees of Congress and private research organizations which have, in the past year, published more than 50,000 pages reappraising foreign aid.

These studies generally agree that both military and economic development assistance are here to stay, and that the purpose of both is not to buy support for American policies but to "wage peace"—to build stability in free nations. There is also accord on the wisdom of incorporating military aid into the US defense budget, so that its special character is at all times apparent. Likewise, there is agreement that technical assistance should continue unchanged, and that capital grants for economic development should be abolished and replaced by a permanent revolving loan fund. Such a fund will permit wide latitude on interest rates, on the duration of foreign loans, and the acceptability of local currencies for repayment of loans.

In only one respect does Mr. Eisenhower's program represent a backward step. His revised proposal conceals a reduction in funds for economic development. Yet, considering the economy-mania of Congress, it must be granted that the starting level of the proposed revolving fund is less important than Congressional acceptance of the basic idea of a permanent fund.

**TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS**

During the summer months, *The New Republic* will not appear for the weeks of July 8, July 22, August 5 and August 19.

# Arthur Larson Testifies

THE Senate subcommittee on Appropriations did more than cut the United States Information Agency appropriation from the requested $140 million to $90.2 million—it cut USIA Director Arthur Larson into pieces.

SENATOR ELLENDER: I notice here, Mr. Larson, in a speech you made in Hawaii on April 16, 1957, you said: "Throughout the New and Fair Deals, this country was in the grip of a somewhat alien philosophy, imported from Europe." Was this remark made in Hawaii on the theory that the information would not reach our European friends?

MR. LARSON: I don't think there is much doubt that it will reach some people overseas. As a matter of fact, the very same statement was taken from a book which I wrote some time ago which I think probably has come to the attention of people.

SENATOR ELLENDER: You are no longer a bookwriter; you are the head of an agency which is supposed to make friends for us throughout the world. Do you think such a statement is conducive to the formation of friendship?

MR. LARSON: I don't think it has any effect. The fact that you call it alien simply identifies it as coming from outside the country.

SENATOR MANSFIELD: Mr. Larson, I have been thinking about this speech . . . and I am very much disturbed.

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MR. LARSON: Mr. Chairman, does this come under the category of specific justification for items under this budget?
SENATOR JOHNSON: It does not make any difference to the committee what it comes under. You listen to the question and answer, or you are going to win an argument and lose a sale. . . .
SENATOR MANSFIELD: Mr. Larson . . . I happened to be in office during the latter days of the New Deal, all the period of the Fair Deal, and during the period of the present Republican Administration. I was never aware of the fact that I was in the grip of an alien philosophy during any of those years. . . .
MR. LARSON: I must say at this point that the reference is not to the Democratic Party and it is not to the present time. This is a historical appraisal of an episode referred to as the New Deal and the Fair Deal.

The subcommittee was fascinated. Would Mr. Larson tell them more, perhaps about what USIA is doing to undercut Communist propaganda?

MR. LARSON: Senator, let me give you one little illustration. That is the statement by Mr. Nenni, who is probably one of the most notable of all the defectors from the Moscow line. He said in direct quote, and not solicited by us, that it was through the USIA that the very parties represented at the famous Moscow Congress learned about the Khrushchev de-Stalinization speech . . . so, while we do not pretend for the moment that we are the sole reason—
SENATOR FULBRIGHT: You did not make the speech.
MR. LARSON: We did not make the speech.
SENATOR FULBRIGHT: Was Associated Press, United Press, Reuters and all the others reluctant to carry [the Khrushchev speech] once it was obtained and publicized? You did not have to do that, did you?
MR. LARSON: We did it, and it was through us that Mr. Nenni found out about it, as he himself testified.
SENATOR FULBRIGHT: I think that is a little thin . . . and his [Nenni's] defection is a matter of question.

Mr. Larson had another example: USIA's publicizing of aerial inspection.

MR. LARSON: The President made a proposal. . . . We threw our resources into this job with everything we had. We publicized it. Explaining it and selling aerial inspection was one of our specific targets.
SENATOR ELLENDER: Why was it necessary to do that? Didn't people from London, from France, from Italy, get from Washington what the President had in mind?
MR. LARSON: No. That is exactly my point. They did not understand all the issues from one simple news story or from one simple speech. . . . You see what has happened? Aerial inspection for peace in the last couple of weeks has emerged as a serious possibility and as a great step toward disarmament.
SENATOR ELLENDER: And you think you did it?
MR. LARSON: I think we had quite a bit to do with the acceptance of this particular medium. . . .
SENATOR FULBRIGHT: In that illustration, who was it that needed to be persuaded? The British or the French?
MR. LARSON: Yes; all of them.
SENATOR FULBRIGHT: I was under the impression that it was the Russians that needed to be persuaded. . . . Is it your theory that because of your activities the Kremlin now is changing its view about the acceptability of this procedure?
MR. LARSON: Senator, I am going to answer that with a flat "Yes."
SENATOR FULBRIGHT: I think that is very interesting, if you can support it. If you can persuade the committee that you can influence the decision of the people in the Kremlin, I think we might take a different attitude.

# *Baltimore Is Pure Once More*

by GERALD W. JOHNSON

IT IS a pleasure to report that the ancient and somewhat sooty city of Baltimore is once more as pure as the driven snow—politically speaking, of course. A Congressional investigating subcommittee, the Hon. Francis D. Walter (D, Pa.) presiding, has exorcised the fiends, assoiled and fumigated us, and we are now aseptic beyond the power of words to describe.

Politically, that is. Morally and physically the case is different, but Chairman Walter assumed no responsibility for morals or sanitation. As these lines are written the police are investigating four cases of rape, one a particularly horrible one involving a child; the newspapers are full of despairing yells from denizens of jerry-built housing developments who find the contents of sewers backing up and covering their dining-room floors; and some of my dubious acquaintances tell me that down on The Block, a region infested with honky-tonks, the strippers are stripping as completely as ever, the B-girls are as omnipresent as ever, and the pimps are as industrious and enterprising as ever.

But politically we are so pure that we are almost scared of ourselves. It was not so a couple of weeks ago. Without knowing it we had been terribly infected. At least so a couple of counter-spies told the subcommittee. According to their evidence the Bethlehem Steel Company, which employs about 18,000 men, had among them no less than 32 Communists. True, they are not proved to be Communists, but they did claim their right not to risk incriminating themselves, and pleading the Fifth Amendment is apparently more heinous in the eyes of many than being a Communist.

Oh, yes, I must admit that this doesn't apply in Dave

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Beck's case, but Beck is not accused of being a Communist; he is accused of nothing worse than robbing his union members and the widow of one of his friends and, anyhow, he supported Eisenhower, so he must be allowed his rights. But when a person suspected of Communism claims the same rights, "it is," said Senator Beall, of Maryland, "my right to hold such individuals in the utmost contempt—and I do so." As Tim Campbell is supposed to have put it many years ago, "What's the Constitution among friends?"

Anyhow, Baltimore is purified. Ten of the fiends have already been deprived of their means of livelihood and the other 22 will certainly get the sack. Forty workers laid down their tools when one of the accused came back to the job. A busty blonde has had a brick heaved through her living-room window after dark. We are not prosecuting anybody, we are merely doing our best to sentence them to death by starvation without the delay and uncertainty of a trial.

We are moved to extra-legal measures by the horror of the situation. A brunette who says she joined the Communist Party only for the purpose of squealing on the rest, and who admits that she did it for God, now has a bored cop staked out in front of her residence. It seems that someone called her by telephone and made rude remarks. In Baltimore brunettes who spy for God are going to be protected—don't think otherwise.

So the peril has passed, but it was a narrow squeak. In the city limits there were 947,000 people in 1950, with 400,000 in the suburbs, say 1,350,000 all told. You have only to assume that one Communist is physically, morally and intellectually able to whip 42,187 ordinary Americans to see in what peril we stood until Mr. Walter's subcommittee delivered us. Undoubtedly, it was a very near thing.

Interestingly enough, Senator Beall, in the same speech in which he proclaimed his "utmost contempt" for anyone who claims his rights under the Fifth Amendment also said, "We must be extra careful not to allow ourselves to join a sort of mental lynch mob against those who employed the First and Fifth Amendments in their testimony."

These two statements taken together throw a flood of light on the prevailing political philosophy in the one-time Free State. That philosophy in capsule form is: At all costs be solemn. Even when you are uttering rank absurdities be solemn, for solemnity is the basis of all virtue. In Maryland we consistently vote Republican, but we are so ashamed of it that three-fourths of us solemnly register as Democrats. When we were delivered from the menace of the 32 Communists we solemnly applauded the high public service of the subcommittee, and in the newspapers we are still solemnly congratulating each other on our escape.

A social scientist doubtless can relate this somehow to the development of democratic theory, but I can't. All I can observe is the curious stilling of laughter in a state that was once forever a-giggle. It proves that Mencken is dead. It proves that Albert C. Ritchie is dead—that Governor who once said to me, "Of course I am not running for President; I know I am not qualified to be President; but"—and I have not forgotten his broad grin—"I am not stopping the boys from talking, because I like to be mentioned."

It proves that William Cabell Bruce is dead—that Senator who once stuck a rider on another bill and got it through the Senate before it was discovered, appropriating $232 million to enforce prohibition, although Bruce was a wet.

It proves that John Philip Hill is dead—that Congressman who legally grew grapes in the backyard of his downtown house on Franklin street, legally squeezed the juice into jars, legally stored them in his cellar, legally tested the liquid with a hydrometer from day to day and issued bulletins giving the findings and inviting the federal authorities to come and stop the stuff from turning into illegal wine.

It proves that Willie Woollcott is dead—that mucilage manufacturer and brother of Alexander Woollcott, who wrote the "One Hundred Percent American" song, with its refrain:

I'm a Ku Klux,/Baptist gentle*man*
And I take no orders from the Vat-i-*can*.

It proves that Joseph S. Ames is dead—that president of Johns Hopkins who replied, when reporters asked if he would fire a certain professor for some radical utterance made off the campus, "Certainly not. Why, gentlemen, I can think of nothing worse for this university than to discharge Dr. Blank—except to have two Dr. Blanks!"

In short, it proves that the intellectual life of the city is no longer dominated by the sort of gay and charming fellows who made Baltimore a gay and charming place to live in, even through a great depression and the mounting threat of war. They were gentlemen unafraid and, being free from fear, they found life interesting and vastly amusing.

Well, without the shadow of a doubt *tempora mutantur*, but there are alternative appendices to that apothegm; *et nos mutantur* is one, but another, even more ancient, is *et homines deteriorantur*. Take your choice, but if you ask which is mine I shall refuse to answer, pleading the Fifth Amendment.

All I have to report is that Baltimore no longer lies under the menace of 32 Communists. Politically, it is cleansed, freshly shriven, immaculate, sad but sanctified.

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# A View from the Law

by HARRY KALVEN, JR.

*"May I say that moral scruples, however laudable, do not constitute legal reason for refusing to answer the question."*

REP. DONALD L. JACKSON OF CALIFORNIA, HEARINGS BEFORE THE COMMITTEE ON UN-AMERICAN ACTIVITIES, HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, JUNE 21, 1956, IN THE MATTER OF ARTHUR MILLER.

ON June 21, 1956, Mr. Arthur Miller, one of America's major playwrights, appeared before the Committee on Un-American Activities of the House of Representatives. The Committee under Chairman Francis E. Walter (D, Pa.) had been engaged in the investigation of the unauthorized use of United States passports. Mr. Miller was accompanied by able counsel, Mr. Joseph Rauh—former National Chairman of ADA, and the interrogation was handled with decorum. The inquiry covered a range of topics including Mr. Miller's opinions on Ezra Pound, the repeal of the Smith Act, Elia Kazan, Howard Fast, the Spanish War, the preferred position of the artist and Red China. It also touched more than once on Mr. Miller's views of Congressional committees. There was even discussion of several of his plays.

As might be expected, Mr. Miller is on occasion eloquent and is permitted by the Committee to handle himself with dignity and seriousness, as when he says: "I have always been, since my student days, in the thirties, a partisan of Republican Spain. I am quite proud of it. I am not at all ashamed. I think a democracy was destroyed there;" or when he attempts to convey to the Committee what the objectives of a serious writer are. He is also at times effectively witty as when counsel asks him about one of his plays being produced by the Communist Party: "I take no more responsibility for who plays my plays than General Motors can take for who rides in their Chevrolets."

Rep. Harold Velde (R, Ill.) observes at one point that Mr. Miller has every right to urge publicly the repeal of the Smith Act; at another point Rep. Clyde Doyle (D, Cal.) shows genuine concern lest questions about Mr. Miller's relationships with Mr. Kazan intrude improperly into his private affairs. Chairman Walter acknowledges that in the past he too made a contribution to the Anti-Fascist Committee. There are, of course, the usual questions about Mr. Miller's affiliations with Communist fronts and with the Party itself; he answers these candidly and in general without apology and to the apparent satisfaction of the Committee.

Then as the hearing is about to conclude he is asked about Arnaud D'Usseau and mentions that he, Miller, was present at meetings of a small group of Communist writers in 1947, five or six such meetings. Inevitably, he is asked who was present at those meetings, and replies:

> Mr. Chairman, I understand the philosophy behind this question and I want you to understand mine. When I say this I want you to understand that I am not protecting the Communists or the Communist Party. I am trying to and I will protect my sense of myself. I could not use the name of another person and bring trouble on him. Those were writers, poets, as far as I could see, and the life of the writer, despite what it sometimes seems, is pretty tough. I wouldn't make it any tougher for anybody. I ask you not to ask me that question.

He is carefully advised by the Committee that his reasons for refusing to answer are not accepted and is formally directed to answer. He declines to change his answer and after a few more questions the hearing adjourns with the Chairman expressing the hope he will in the future raise his "important voice" against the Communist conspiracy.

These then are the relevant facts. Now Mr. Miller is on trial for contempt of Congress, before the District Court in Washington, D. C. The question of law is whether Arthur Miller has committed a crime in refusing to answer. Although the matter is not completely free from doubt and although a relevant case is currently pending before the United States Supreme Court, I think he will quite possibly be adjudged guilty. It is the purpose of this comment to sketch how the law has come to this conclusion and to survey the principal legal issues on which argument still remains in Mr. Miller's case.

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## THE BASIC ISSUES

LEGISLATIVE investigations have had a long and a troubled history in the United States as the excellent books by Telford Taylor and Alan Barth document. Whenever used vigorously they have been a center of controversy. Perhaps it will bear repetition that the title for Taylor's book, *Grand Inquest,* comes from a letter written by Mr. Justice Miller of the United States Supreme Court in 1880:

> I think that the public has been much abused, the time of legislative bodies uselessly consumed and the rights of the citizen ruthlessly invaded under the now familiar pretext of legislative investigation and that it is time that it was understood that courts and grand juries are the only inquisitions into crime in this country. I do not recognize the doctrine that Congress is the grand inquest of the nation, or has any such function to perform, nor that it can by the name of a report slander the citizen so as to protect the newspaper which publishes such slander.

The issues raised by the famous committees investigating Communism are not very different from the issues raised when we have Senator Kefauver looking into the affairs of Frank Costello or Senator Kennedy into the affairs of Dave Beck, (or to go back a few years, when we have the Black inquiry into public utilities, the Pecora inquiry into investment banking, or even the Teapot Dome investigation itself). Undoubtedly, the Congressional inquiry is a remarkably powerful weapon and a remarkably effective way of getting at certain types of facts and forcing them on public attention. Undoubtedly, too, it can look like the grand inquest running up and down the nation calling individuals to account without regard to traditional decencies.

History is again instructive. Legal doctrine about the limits of Congressional investigative power developed slowly. The first great case, *Kilbourn v. Thompson,* did not come before the Supreme Court until 1880. In it the power of Congress was found lacking under the particular circumstances and the Court bequeathed an opinion full of cautions about intrusions by Congress into the private affairs of the citizen. The next 40 years produced little further legal precedent, and as late as 1920 the investigative powers of Congress were in considerable doubt. Then came the Teapot Dome investigation and two major Supreme Court decisions in *McGrain v. Daugherty* and *Sinclair v. United States* which served decisively to underwrite a broad power to compel testimony. The literature of controversy at this time now seems nicely ironic. For it was the liberals—Professor Felix Frankfurter in a famous *New Republic* article, "Hands Off Congressional Investigations," and Professor James Landis in a most influential article in the *Harvard Law Review*—who were the strong proponents of virtually unlimited legislative power of investigation. And it was the conservative, Frederic Coudert, who entered the debate on the other side with an article in the *Virginia Law Review* entitled "Congressional Inquisitions and Individual Liberty."

The source of this ambivalence toward Congressional investigations is not hard to locate. It arises because the investigation both looks a lot like and a lot different from a criminal prosecution and trial. It is best to begin with the differences: All that a Congressional committee can do is to compel the individual to testify; if he talks and talks honestly that is the end of the matter. The committee has no power to deal with him further; it is not adjudicating or determining any of his rights or duties; it is simply collecting information for legislative use. If a witness does not answer truthfully under oath, he may expose himself to a perjury prosecution. If he does not answer at all, he may expose himself to a contempt prosecution.

If this were the whole story, which it is not, there would still be some question about the limits of this power to compel testimony in a society where the right to be let alone by government is prized. Realpolitik adds another dimension. For such hearings have been inextricably tied up with publicity; and the publicity, with the prestige of government behind it, invites a public response to the witness in which are found imprecise but additional sanctions. There is thus some merit in the popular phrase that an investigation may become a trial by publicity.

The difficulty cannot be solved, as was thought possible a few years back, by improvements in committee procedures. The procedures can, of course, be somewhat improved as in fact they have been in recent years. But the hearings cannot contain the safeguards of the trial of an individual *without in fact becoming a trial.*

Let us return to Arthur Miller. The law might have provided one of two answers to his legal problem, either of which would have been clear. It might have held that a Congressional committee never had the power to compel testimony; or it might have held that there was always a power to compel testimony. The law has done neither, however, electing rather to discriminate between situations where the power exists and where it does not. To this detailed legal profile we now turn.

## MOTIVES OF THE WITNESSES

DOES it matter that Mr. Miller's refusal to give a committee the names of others is keyed to principle and to a genuine doubt that the committee had the legal power to compel an answer? To answer that, we must take note of three steps in the contempt process.

Under the statute, a Congressional committee must first itself decide whether it wishes to treat the refusal as contempt and must then submit the question for vote

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to the house to which it belongs. The first step, therefore, is for the house to certify the contempt to the United States Attorney for prosecution under the statute. The second step is the criminal trial itself which may be held with a jury; and the third step is the sentencing by the trial judge, if the defendant is found guilty. Mr. Miller's motives may have a bearing on any or all of these steps.

We shall begin with the trial. The laws have become abundantly clear that the state of mind of the witness does not matter legally so long as he deliberately and intentionally refused to answer the question. The only criminal intent required is the intent not to answer and the witness will be equally guilty if he was pursuing an erroneous but plausible legal theory or if he was acting out of the highest moral scruples or simply being recalcitrant. Unlike grand jury proceedings, or the special investigative proceedings in New Hampshire involved in the Paul Sweezy case, a witness before a Congressional committee challenges the committee's power at his peril; he is not entitled to the advice of a court first.

Let us now go back for a moment to the exercise of discretion by the committee and Congress in voting the contempt citation. Here the Miller case has already made an important and encouraging precedent. In theory the requirement that the full house approve the contempt is an important safeguard and an important device for enabling Congress to review the activities of its investigating committees. But in recent years, with the exception of the *Rumely* case which did not involve any issue of Communism, the ratifying of the contempt citation by the full house has been totally perfunctory. The Miller case differs in two respects. First, the Committee itself agreed to withhold its decision for 10 days so that Miller's counsel could submit a memorandum in support of the Committee not voting the contempt. With Mr. Lloyd Garrison joining Mr. Rauh as counsel, a thoughtful and forceful statement of the case for Miller was submitted. More important, the citation evoked serious debate on the floor of the House with Rep. Emanuel Celler (D, N.Y.) making an impassioned defense for Mr. Miller. "We seriously indict ourselves," he said, "if we pass this bill of indictment." And a bit later: "A Miller is not born every day. A Miller comes rarely. Do we foster talent, the type he has, by way of jail?"

Perhaps even more striking was the contribution of Rep. Abraham Multer (D, N.Y.). He repeatedly, and to my mind effectively, challenged the Committee members to explain what possible relevance the names Miller refused to divulge could have to the legislative purposes of the Committee. Representative Multer was raising a fundamental query: does Congress need so exact an inventory of individual cases in order to legislate? "Why," he asked the Committee members, "do you not proceed to legislate?" The vote was another matter. The contempt was certified by a score of 373 to 9.

Now, a word about the sentencing power. The contempt statute provides for a maximum sentence of one year imprisonment and $1,000 fine and a minimum of one month and $100. Thus a final avenue for the exercise of common sense as to the gravity of Mr. Miller's offense is left by the law to the trial judge.

## SEPARATION OF POWERS

THE most interesting and puzzling legal question is whether the Constitution limits in any way the Committee's exercise of power. Since under our constitutional theory there is judicial review of the constitutionality of legislation, is there not also judicial review of the constitutionality of legislative inquiry preliminary to legislation?

Unquestionably, in theory and in judicial dicta there is a limit on Congressional inquiry. The formula of *Kilbourn v. Thompson* that Congress has no power to investigate private affairs has been repeated with respect by all courts since. The inquiry, the courts have repeatedly told us, must be for a legislative purpose. Can Mr. Miller then challenge the Committee either on the grounds that the questions were an intrusion into his private affairs or on the grounds that the inquiry itself had no valid legislative purpose?

Since the Teapot Dome cases the courts have neatly avoided the task their own formula would appear to have imposed upon them. In brief the law has virtually reached the point of asserting that only inquiries for a legislative purpose into affairs of a public interest are constitutionally permitted to Congress; *but that any inquiry which Congress authorizes will conclusively be presumed to be for legislative purposes and of public interest*—with issues specified in advance, adversary proceedings, active participation by counsel, introduction and cross-examination of witnesses and a final determination of the issues. And the legislature cannot be, and should not be, that interested in the exact truth as to the individual case.

Immediately after the war in a series of cases involving the Un-American Activities Committee, ingenious efforts were made to show that the Committee's actual purposes were not legislative. The courts turned a deaf ear, even to statements made by the Committee members themselves. Two very recent cases, however, indicate that this argument may still have some life in it. In the *Icardi* case decided in April, 1956, Federal District Judge Richmond B. Keech directed a verdict of acquittal for the defendant in a prosecution for perjury before a special House Committee investigating crimes by our Armed Forces abroad and the death of Major Hollohan in particular. The Committee had completed its investigation and had the materials for its report ready when Icardi testified. The court, in part influenced by the tone

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of the subsequent report which in effect found Icardi guilty of murder, held that in questioning him the Committee was functioning as "a committing magistrate" and that no legislative purpose was furthered by its questioning him. Judge Keech observed near the end of his opinion:

> Counsel for the government has suggested that frequently individuals are adjudged guilty of an offense by a Congressional committee in the exercise of its functions. This court doubts the accuracy of such statement; but, if it be true, such practice should not be condoned, as it denies to the accused the constitutional safeguards of judicial trial.

This is a remarkable and important decision and suggests that the closer the inquiry comes to a traditional category of crime like murder, the more likely it is the court will be genuinely disturbed by the resemblance to a legislative trial.

The *Watkins* case which was decided by the Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia a year ago is perhaps more directly important to the Miller case, and resembles it very closely on its facts. In the course of an inquiry into labor unions by the Un-American Activities Committee, Watkins answered a series of questions about his own Communist affiliations, denied he had been a Communist, identified certain others as Communists, and then refused to answer as to a list of some 30 additional names. The inquiry referred to a period from 1942 to 1947, and Watkins made an eloquent and careful statement of his reasons. He was willing, he said, to discuss those whom he still believed were active in the Party but:

> I do not believe that any law in this country requires me to testify about persons who may in the past have been Communist Party members or otherwise engaged in Communist Party activity but who to the best of my knowledge and belief have long since removed themselves from the Communist movement.

Watkins was found guilty of contempt by the trial court but the conviction was upset in January, 1956, in a 2-to-1 decision of the Court of Appeals with Judges Henry W. Edgerton and David L. Bazelon in the majority. A rehearing was ordered before the Court of Appeals *en banc* and in a 6-to-2 decision the original conviction was affirmed, the momentary majority opinion of Judges Edgerton and Bazelon now being preserved as the dissent. It is this case which may be decided very soon now by the US Supreme Court and which may largely control Mr. Miller's case.

What is so striking about the Watkins case is the seriousness with which the lack of proper legislative purpose was argued. The majority, speaking through Judge Walter M. Bastian, said that Congress had a power of exposure "if the exposure was incident to the exercise of a legislative function." So long as a legislative purpose could be served by the inquiry any exposure of individuals in the course of it was incidental and did not affect the validity of the inquiry. The dissenters pointed out that the Congressional Committee did not ask Watkins several questions which were obviously relevant if its purpose was legislative; the period involved was so long ago as to make it difficult to see the utility of the information to a legislative purpose; the Chairman in replying to Watkins' challenge totally failed to indicate what the legislative purpose was; the Committee appeared to know already what it was asking Watkins; and finally, said the dissenters, a closed session would have served every purpose except exposure.

The question is thus a difficult one for the courts. Undoubtedly the committees investigating subversion have for years been collecting far more information about the details of individual cases than would be reasonably necessary for legislation; undoubtedly too the Congressional hearing has functioned as a highly efficient variant on the loyalty program. But it is also true, as the majority of the Court of Appeals notes, that Congress can certainly legislate on subversion and that facts are useful to that end.

Many years ago Woodrow Wilson in an oft-quoted passage discussed as an important aspect of Congressional inquiries the function of informing the public. The court cases, however, are interesting in their steady rejection of this rationale. The investigating purpose remains legislative, and that means having some connection with legislation, at least where private individuals and not government agencies are the subject. It is a safe prediction that however the Supreme Court decides the Watkins case it will repeat the caution that the power to compel testimony exists only in aid of legislation.

## THE FIRST AMENDMENT

WHAT of the other constitutional approach to the Miller case—the challenge to the investigating committee's authority under the First Amendment: "Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech"? The great day for the First Amendment challenge was a decade ago in two Court of Appeals cases, *Josephson* and *Barsky*. Each challenge failed by a 2-to-1 vote, but the strong dissenting opinions of Judge Charles E. Clark in *Josephson* and of Judge Edgerton in *Barsky* indicate how vital the point was. Unfortunately, the Supreme Court declined to review either case, or the other cases which soon followed such as *Lawson*, arising out of the investigation of the movies.

There are several troublesome points in connection with a First Amendment claim. First, can mere inquiry constitute a restraint? Second, what is the appropriate standard for testing the restraint on speech since the classic clear-and-present-danger formula is not easy to use in this context? Does the freedom of speech include the

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freedom of silence? And finally, there is the somewhat technical question of whether only the particular question of the entire scope of inquiry is to be tested; can, that is, the defendant be a vicarious champion against restraints on others?

The matter was brilliantly debated between Judge Elijah Barrett Prettyman and Judge Edgerton in 1948 in the *Barsky* case. Judge Edgerton, in dissent, viewing the entire scope of inquiry in light of what he takes as the realities of the investigation, concludes:

> The free speech point comes to this. Congressional action that is either intended or likely to restrict expression of opinion that Congress may not prohibit violates the First Amendment. Congressional action in the nature of investigation is no exception. Civil liberties may not be abridged in order to determine whether they should be abridged. The House Committee's investigation is both intended and likely to restrict expression of opinion that Congress may not prohibit. That it actually does so is clear and undisputed.

And earlier in his opinion he had said: "What Congress may not restrain, Congress may not restrain by exposure and obloquy."

Judge Prettyman's rejoinder for the majority was, however, eloquent in its own right. He takes the issue presented more narrowly than Judge Edgerton and decides only that questions as to direct Communist affiliation are permissible. He acknowledges that the inquiry may realistically be a restraint upon free speech and "that even the most timid and sensitive cannot be unconstitutionally restrained in the freedom of his thought." But this does not for him dispose of the matter, since there still remains the counter value of public interest in security. He notes that the freedom to remain silent may rest on somewhat different constitutional premises of privacy than the freedom to speak but agrees that there is more than an infringement of privacy involved here. And he finds that clear and present danger is an unsuitable formula for measuring whatever restraint there is since it would involve "sheer folly" for the government to refrain from inquiry until the danger to itself was clear and present. The appropriate test therefore is whether the inquiry is dictated by "some reasonable cause for concern." And that in his judgment that test was adequately met in this instance.

In future cases *Barsky* is cited as the decisive precedent for rejecting First Amendment claims. The exception is the *Rumely* case which was decided by the same Court of Appeals in 1952 and by the Supreme Court the following year. This time the witness wins and there is a strong First Amendment shadow across the proceedings. The facts, however, are very different. Rumely was an officer of a private group which published and distributed widely to Congressmen and others books and pamphlets on public affairs with a conservative emphasis. Rumely was called before a House Committee investigating lobbying and requested to furnish the names of major contributors to his organization. He refused. His conviction for contempt was reversed in the Court of Appeals and the reversal affirmed in a unanimous decision in the Supreme Court. The principal grounds were that Congress, in authorizing the Committee to investigate lobbying, had not authorized it to investigate activities such as these.

But Judge Prettyman also had his second opportunity to speak about the First Amendment:

> To publicize or to report to the Congress the names and addresses of purchasers of books, pamphlets and periodicals is a realistic interference with the publication and sale of those writings. This is another problem which we examined in the Barsky case, and we there held that the public inquiry there involved was an infringement of free speech. We are of the same view here. There can be no doubt in that case or in this one, that the realistic effect of public embarrassment is a powerful interference with free expression of views. In that case the tenets of Communism and the apparent nature of the Communist Party created a public necessity for Congressional inquiry. In the case at bar no such dangerous factors are represented to us. There is no suggestion that the publication or distribution of these books and documents constitutes any public danger, clear or otherwise, present or otherwise.

In the Supreme Court Justice Felix Frankfurter in carefully construing the investigating committee's authorization so as to avoid the "grave" constitutional question observes that the court would in Justice William Howard Taft's phrase have to be blind not to see what others can see—"that there is wide concern both in and out of Congress, over some aspects of the exercise of the Congressional power of investigation."

Justice William O. Douglas in a separate opinion joined in by Justice Hugo Black thought the Committee's authorization *did* cover the particular investigation and thus came "of necessity" to the constitutional question. The inquiry was unconstitutional, he thought, under the First Amendment:

> A requirement that a publisher disclose the identity of those who buy his books, pamphlets or papers is indeed the beginning of surveillance of the press. True, no legal sanction is involved here. Congress has imposed no tax, established no board of censors, instituted no licensing system. But the potential restraint is equally severe. The finger of government levelled at the press is ominous. Once the government can demand of a publisher the names of the purchasers of his publications, the free press as we know it disappears. Then the spectre of a government agent will look over the shoulder of everyone who reads. The purchase of a book or pamphlet today may result in a subpoena tomorrow. . . . The subtle, imponderable pressures of the orthodox lay hold.

The box score indicates that in the past decade five

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able judges—Clark, Edgerton, Prettyman, Black and Douglas—have taken seriously the First Amendment challenge, although no court has as yet squarely limited a Congressional inquiry on this ground, and in perhaps a dozen cases it has been rejected by the majority.

What then of Mr. Miller? As a creative writer he will present as strong a case in the speech field as could be desired, but this was true of film writer John Howard Lawson in the movie investigation and was not enough. There remain two interesting possibilities. Miller was asked many questions having to do with his opinions in general. One is tempted to suggest that from a legal point of view he answered the wrong questions and refused to answer the right ones. Perhaps if he had declined to debate under oath with Mr. Arens, to discuss Red China, Ezra Pound and committees, he would have had a powerful case. This suggests the possible first point. It might be argued that the inquiry is to be read as a whole and that so read it is an instance of government surveillance of a writer far transcending any needs of Congress. The legitimacy of the question he declined to answer, so the argument would run, is in effect forfeited by the total pattern of inquiry. Perhaps, just perhaps, a court might see it this way.

The second point is one suggested by Mr. Taylor in his book. The refusal of the witness to answer arises not from any fear of publicity, but from the fear of being called upon to inform. And as a consequence, free interchange among writers and artists is, to borrow the rhetoric of Justice Douglas, under the shadow of the subpoena calling upon one to inform.

One final point. Perhaps the arguments about legislative purpose and necessity can combine with the arguments under the First Amendment. The resulting argument would be the simple but sensible one that the court should particularly scrutinize the legislative claims of need for the particular information where the request impinges on First Amendment freedoms or where it impinges on deeply held notions of privacy.

## THE TECHNICAL APPROACH

One last corner of law remains to be examined, although it may not be directly relevant to Arthur Miller's case. In the past year or so several recalcitrant witnesses—Keeney, Lamont, O'Connor, Kamin—have won their cases. The manner of winning represents an interesting example of legal craftsmanship; the courts may choose to express their actual distaste for excesses of Congressional investigating bodies not by resort to classic constitutional principles, but by technical examinations of the vagueness of questions or of the exact scope of the committee's authorization. The result will leave the basic balance of power between court and committee unchanged. But the result will be to acquit the present defendants. And the result in the eyes of the public will be to curtail sharply committee power—for now the committee is losing the battle of publicity.

In the *O'Connor* case, the witness was asked whether he was a member of the "Communist conspiracy." The case bristled with fundamental questions since it was part of the McCarthy inquiry into books in government libraries abroad. But the court rested its acquittal of O'Connor on the narrow ground that the question thus phrased was too ambiguous to serve as a basis for criminal prosecution for contempt, although the witness in no way suggested that his refusal to answer was keyed to his inability to understand the question. In *Lamont, Unger* and *Shadowitz,* the court found that the McCarthy committee on government operations was authorized to inquire into "economy and efficiency" and that the prosecution had totally failed to bring the questions asked the witnesses at the hearing within that scope.

Finally in *Kamin,* Judge Aldrich displayed this technique at its fullest. In an elaborate set of opinions he slowly and painstakingly reviews the authorizations from the subcommittee to the chairman and from the parent committee to the subcommittee as though he were reading a trust indenture and finds one by one that the questions Senator McCarthy had asked Mr. Kamin each fell outside the Committee authorization.

The reliance is thus chiefly on the statutory requirement that the question be "pertinent" and pertinency is to be tested by the authorization of Congress to the Committee. The court can under this technique fully acknowledge the power of Congress to investigate and yet repeatedly find that as agents of Congress the committees have exceeded the exact scope of their authority. Since the House Committee was ostensibly investigating passport fraud at the time of the Arthur Miller hearing, the pertinency of its questions may perhaps be tested against that purpose rather than against the very broad Congressional authorization to the Un-American Activities Committee as such. If so, it may be relatively easy and quite congenial for a court to hold that the Committee utterly failed to establish any connection between a small group of writers meeting in 1947 and passport frauds in 1956. And Judge Charles McLaughlin, who is hearing the Miller case, made it clear at the outset of the trial that the "sole issue" before the court is the pertinency of the questions Miller refused to answer before the Congressional Committee.

I indicated at the start that I thought Arthur Miller had the worse of the legal issues involved. But Watkins had a brief moment of triumph in the Court of Appeals in a very similar case; and in any event, the Supreme Court, after carefully avoiding these issues during the past decade, will soon decide the *Watkins* case. In so doing it will in all probability also cover the issues in the Miller case. I doubt if Mr. Miller will win. But I hope very much I am mistaken.

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*Clarence Darrow Centennial*

# Discovering Darrow

by MELVYN DOUGLAS

ONE OF the most interesting and satisfying by-products of being an actor is the making of very special friends—characters who people the plays in which he takes part. They range from the hurried and casual acquaintances of a television show to the long and enduring relationships which develop during the run of a play. A serious actor comes to know them well.

Usually the basis for an actor's understanding of these people of the play lies only in the author's text and in the actor's imagination. Sometimes, the play is peopled with historical characters, and then it is possible to discover more about them from books. Seldom though have the characters in a play been recently among the living and therefore still alive in the minds of many who were their contemporaries. In such a case, you ask questions, you hear odd bits of information, you exchange impressions.

This was my experience with the man called Henry Drummond in the play *Inherit the Wind*. It is no secret now that the name of Drummond was a very thin disguise for Clarence Darrow, the Ohio farmboy who became the greatest defense lawyer of his time. The play was presented in most of the major cities from coast to coast, and hardly a day passed in which there was not a meeting with or a letter from someone who had crossed Darrow's path. And so for me, what started out as another theatrical tour became a journey of discovery.

There was one rainy night in Chicago. We had been playing at the Blackstone Theatre for about two months. As I came out the stage door, I noticed a taxi waiting at the end of the alley and made a quick dash for it. The driver stopped me abruptly with "I'm waiting for somebody, Buddy."

I asked if he was waiting for a member of the cast and suggested that, if so, he or she would be willing to share a ride with me.

"No," he said, "I am waiting for Clarence Darrow."

I was amused. I was pleased. This was the kind of audience identification that an actor dreams about. I asked if he had seen the play.

"No," he said again, "but I want to meet this man who's supposed to be Clarence Darrow."

There was something so aggressive, so challenging, in his tone that I hesitated to make myself known. However, the actor ego being what it is, I admitted that I was the fellow he was waiting for. After a long and deeply-penetrating look he said "get in." As we pulled away from the curb, his attention continued to focus on me much more than on the Chicago traffic.

"Ever know him?" he said suddenly.

I replied that I had met him once, along with some hundred other people, when I was a cub reporter in Chicago and still wet behind the ears.

He grunted derisively, "Well, I really knew him."

By now we were under the elevated tracks and the roar of the overhead trains caused him to keep turning around in order to make sure I heard him.

"It was 40 years ago. I was just a kid driving a cab for one of the big companies, and I wasn't too careful about what I did with the company's money. You know what I mean—some of the fares went into my own pocket. Well, they caught up with me. I was arrested and thrown into jail. I didn't know nobody in Chicago so there I was in a cell with two or three other guys, no lawyer, no money for bail, nothing. I was pretty low, as you can imagine. As I said, I was just a kid, and with this big company out to crucify me, it looked as if my future was screwed up for good." I asked him if the amount of money involved was a large one.

"Enough to make it plenty tough," he said, "especially because, as I figured it, they was out to make an example of me because some of the other drivers had been doing the same thing. Well, anyway, about the third day one

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of the fellows who was in there with me poked me and said 'Hey, why don't you talk to that guy?' I looked out through the bars and saw this big fellow, who looked like a bum himself, walking down the corridor."

I said that sounded like Darrow. "Let me tell it," my driver shouted. "So this guy with me tells me it was a man by the name of Clarence Darrow and that he was a lawyer and that he helped guys who'd had tough breaks. Well, I figured there was nothing to lose so I called out to him, 'Hey, Mr. Darrow, could I talk to you for a minute?' You can imagine my surprise when he ambled over and sort of leaned up against the bars and said 'You want to talk to me?' Well, I told him the story and when I got through he said 'Alright, Harry, I'll drop by again tomorrow.' Well of course I figured that I'd never see him again, but he did turn up the next day and he had it all fixed to be my lawyer. Well, here we are at your hotel and I don't want to keep you out in the rain, but I've got to finish the story. From then on he spent as much time with me as he would have spent with one of the big boys themselves. My case went to trial and he took on those smart company lawyers as if they were babies. When it came time for him to make his talk to the jury, he kept telling them what a kid I was and how the money I had taken didn't really mean much to the company and how he was sure that if the Judge and the Jury would just be human about it I'd probably never do anything like that again.

He stopped talking and we both sat there in the rain. I asked him what the result was.

"They let me off," he said, "but the important thing is for you to know about this man Darrow—and one other thing, I've been driving a cab for almost 40 years now—for the same company, mind you—and I've never taken a nickel since then that didn't belong to me."

As I was paying my fare, I asked if he would come see the play. "No, I don't think so," he said. "No actor could ever make me believe he was Clarence Darrow—he was a real man."

THE tour moved along. In Pittsburgh I received a telephone call from a woman who insisted that it was important that she talk to me. I suggested that she come around to see me after the play. The dressing-room door opened to admit a man and woman obviously bursting with excitement. The amenities had no sooner been exchanged than she was talking about Darrow the year after the Loeb-Leopold case. She was then a young lawyer, having only recently been admitted to the Pennsylvania bar. A 16-year-old boy had committed a murder and the case had come into her hands. She was bewildered; she had had little experience; she did not know where to turn, but she had, as had the entire legal profession, followed the Loeb-Leopold case with intense interest. She did not know Darrow, had had no contact with him whatsoever, but sensed that he was not a run-of-the-mill lawyer. And so she sat down and wrote him of her predicament. Two days later her telephone rang. It was Darrow. He went over the entire case and wound up by assuring her that he would keep in touch with her. He did—daily, by telephone or by letter. He advised procedure, suggested strategy, bolstered her morale. The boy was acquitted. And not once did Darrow project himself publicly, nor did he ask any compensation.

My circle of Darrow friends was widening and, through them, Darrow himself was becoming more and more lifelike. There was the man in Cincinnati with his story about Darrow's humor. He had been with Darrow during one of the famous debates in which Darrow defended the agnostic point of view. After the meeting, a man came up and introduced himself as a member of the Darrow family. We will say his name was Roger. He told Clarence that he had reason to believe that they were related and went on to say that his family came from Connecticut. Darrow acknowledged that there was a Connecticut branch of the family and, on being told that Roger was compiling a genealogy, expressed an interest in seeing it even though, as he put it, "he had always considered himself directly descended from Adam and Eve." Roger was delighted to be accepted as one of the clan, but hesitated. "I should warn you, I suppose," he said, "that I suspect illegitimacy somewhere in the family. Shall I send you a genealogy anyway?"

"By all means," chuckled Clarence.

Some weeks later, so my visitor reported, the book arrived, neatly packaged and privately printed, with a letter which informed Clarence that, according to Roger's worst suspicions, the illegitimacy had been discovered but that he was happy to report that it was on the Connecticut side of the family. Darrow immediately sat himself down and dictated the following letter:

Mr. Roger Darrow
222 Maple Drive
Watertown, Connecticut
SIR:
You bastard.
CLARENCE DARROW

Most of the time we know our friends only through our own experience of them, but I have had the advantage of knowing Darrow through the eyes and ears, through the sensibilities, of many whose lives touched his; some casually, some closely; some with love, others with hate. I have heard the story of the young reporter whose first assignment, an interview with Darrow, was the springboard for a courageous career as a crusading Southern journalist. I have heard a well-known artist credit the warmth of her palette to the warm humanity of Darrow's response to her early efforts. Some highly placed professional colleagues have spoken to me of his greatness while others have branded him a charlatan; I

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must admit that the latter were usually those whom he had occasion to attack in defense of some poor devil who was being ground under the wheels of an economic or social order against which he was powerless. One Bible Belt preacher covered three pages with a description of Darrow that was too good for the devil himself. A Unitarian minister told me that Clarence Darrow was one of the few practicing Christians that he had ever known.

From friends then—from listening to Darrow himself speak from the pages of his autobiography—and from the imaginative effort to recreate him in the theatre—I see him as this: a human being to whom the meaning of the word human was worth the lifetime of service and defense which he gave to it.

# Clarence Darrow

by EDGAR LEE MASTERS

This is a man with an old face, always old.
For even when he battled and hated, in light
Of an irradiate urge against the world,
And the wrongs and follies and idiot things
Of the world, made his step quick and his look
Fierce and swift, he looked old even then.

There was pathos, too, in his face, and in his eyes,
And early weariness; and sometimes tears in his eyes,
Which he let slip unconsciously on his cheek,
Or brushed away with an unconcerned hand.
There were tears for human suffering, or for a glance
Into the vast futility of life,
Which he had seen from the first, being old
When he was born.

He was always a poet too,
And a poet is the barometer of the world,
And a vicarious sufferer for all sufferers.
He was a poet who found clay for his modeling
In those who were martyred for striving
For the weak, the despoiled, the Prometheans
Who tried to carry candles or lamps for the world,
And found their light snuffed by Envy or Greed
And themselves left in darkness, bleeding.
He did not seek the role of Promethean himself,
Because of the whimsical side of him, the penetration
Which saw through crucifixions to the joke behind
The hill of the crosses; the world of hunger and sex,
Banquets and latrines, the whole unending serial
Of animal function, draping itself in immortality
And calling itself humanity. Nevertheless
He grieved for the Prometheans more
Than he grieved for the poor. For he saw
That the poor are dull, and hence are poor.
That the poor are faithless and untrue.
As much as any, and that their desire is
For the things which the rich have, and justice
Means that to them, or something like it. Yes,
He grieved more for the Prometheans, the sacrificers,
The dreamers, the diers for causes; grieved
And laughed, because of their belief
In progress, or perhaps milleniums. Then as time
Went on he smiled for them; and yet
With all other faith swept away, and belief in something
Must be to keep the viability of life
This feeling for the Prometheans remained.

One time I spoke of God to this man,
And he looked quick out of an open window,
Then back at me, and I knew what he thought—
I caught it. He thought if there was a Force, a Mind
Which suffered, the mind of man to evolve,
And tortured it all the way, and tortured it
More and more as it became keener to see,
And keener to feel, then he wished for strength
To resist this God, and tell him to the last
That He was wrong to make the world so, and man
To torture so.

Well, if he believed in a God,
He also believed this God had willed the world
As evil and life as evil, and pain in excess
Of happiness, or peace. And his sustenance
Was in believing this and finding confirmation
Of the truth of this.

In all my days I have found
No sadder man, gladder in his sadness.
I have found no man who went his way
With less excuse or reason fashioned for himself
Of going at all; and no man
Who believed more in truth and good will
Though he backed them only with their own
Self-evident need for being.

This is Darrow,
Inadequately scrawled, with his young, old heart,
And his drawl, and his infinite paradox,
And his sadness, and kindness,
And his artist sense that drives him to shape his life
To something harmonious, even against the schemes of God.

*(A hitherto unpublished poem)* *Sept. 27, 1922*

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# SPRING LITERARY REVIEW

## *John Milton Muddles Through*

*by Robert Graves*

SOME PEOPLE call this a critical, as opposed to a creative, age. I doubt whether it is either. Certainly so many thousands of professed poets write and publish that a great need has arisen for critics to assess their worth; but the criticism racket, to judge from the advanced literary journals that people send me, is about as bankrupt as the poetry racket.

Poetry ceases to be happily creative, because most poets are seldom thinking of the poem itself, but worrying how to provide interesting material for critical discussion. And it also seems to me that because critics are seldom thinking of the poems they are supposed to assess, but only of the art with which they will write their criticism—they, rather than the poets, have become the happy creators.

Poetry (need I say?) is more than words musically arranged. It is sense; good sense; penetrating, often heart-rending sense. Children who enjoy verse-jingles are not reliable critics of poetry, and though a few nursery-rhymes happen to be poems, most have nothing but their engaging rhythms to recommend them. Yet how few readers ever get beyond the jingle-loving or, at best, the music-loving, stage of poetic appreciation! How few give any thought to the sense of a poem, though it often has layer after layer of meaning concealed in it!

I DON'T enjoy generalizing, unless I can support my argument by practical examples. I assume that almost everyone has read Milton's *L'Allegro*, but I, for one, hadn't read it carefully until the other day, when my thirteen-year-old daughter Lucia, finding herself obliged to learn it by heart (as I had done at the same age) asked me: "Isn't this rather a muddle, Father?"

How could I deceive an innocent and intelligent girl? I admitted, after a closer scrutiny of the text, that *L'Allegro* was indeed a dreadful muddle, and that most of it could be "appreciated" only in the Burkian sense, as one appreciates deformed gorgons and hydras.

Lucia's anthology version began straight away with:

> Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
> Jest, and youthful Jollity . . .

(There was something awkward about '*youthful* Jollity,' I felt at once—it must have been put there for some dishonest reason.) Then the same Nymph was asked to bring along two other allegorical figures:

> . . . Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
> And Laughter holding both his sides.

Jest, Jollity, Sport, Laughter—four figtures not easily distinguished, as one distinguishes the plaster saints in a Catholic repository by the emblems they bear: Peter's keys, Isidore's spade, Lawrence's gridiron, and so on. I found this conjunction rather fuzzy.

One way of appreciating a poem is first to write it out in longhand; then to

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imagine oneself composing the lines, and so creep inside the poet's skin. The process of getting a rough verse draft into presentable form will be familiar to most of you. And with practice one can often deduce, from some slight awkwardness surviving in the final version, what the grosser faults of the original were.

WELL, when I tried the longhand test, my little finger told me (and I never argue with my little finger) that Milton had written:

> Hasten, Mirth, and bring with thee
> Jest and Youth and Jollity,
> Sport that wrinkled Care derides
> And Laughter holding both his sides . . .

Afterwards he had wondered whether the difference between Mirth and Jollity could be justified or, alternatively, the difference between Mirth and Laughter. He shook his head, changed "Mirth" to "Nymph," and kept her anonymous. Then, disliking the two *n*'s of "Haste*n* Nymph," he changed this to "Haste thee, Nymph"—not noticing another "thee" at the end of the line—and went on:

> And in the right hand lead with thee
> The mountain nymph sweet Liberty . . .

But it was clear that some lines were needed to separate this couplet from the first one, in which he had not only used the same rhyme—*with thee* and *Jollity*—but also the word *Nymph*. So between the figures of Mirth, Jest, Youth, Jollity, and their companions, Sport, Care and Laughter, he introduced a crowd of impersonalized nouns:

> Quips and Cranks and Wanton Wiles,
> Nods and Becks and gleeful Smiles . . .

And, to prove that he was a Cambridge graduate, Milton added a mythological reference to Hebe, Goddess of Youth. Having decided on Hebe, he prudently removed the figure of Youth from the second line by changing *Youth and Jollity* to *youthful Jollity*. I suspect that the first draft ran:

> Wreathed about sweet Hebe's cheek
> Which is dimpled, fair and sleek . . .

but Milton realized that *"Wreathed about sweet Hebe's cheek"* was far too heavy for a tripping measure, and that *wreathed* made an ugly assonance with *sweet* and *cheek*. So he substituted *wreathed smiles* for *gleeful smiles* and let the next line read:

> Such as hang on Hebe's cheek . . .

Clearly smiles don't hang on cheeks, and wreaths don't either, and Milton knew it; but the revised line was much more musical, with its alliteration of *hang* and *Hebe;* and in these minor poems Milton always put music before sense, if he ever got stuck. Besides, all nouns were capitalized in his day (whether common or proper); so Quips, Cranks, Wiles, Nods, Becks and Smiles could be read as allegorical imps or animalcules. Smiles, for example, might be tinsy, whimsical little atomies, wearing wreaths around their heads, and hanging merrily from Hebe's cheeks. He hoped to get by with that.

On re-reading:

> Which is dimpled, fair and sleek . . .

Milton disliked the three adjectives in a row, immediately after all those nouns in a row—Quips, Cranks, Wiles, Smiles, etc. So he considered:

> And love to live on skin so sleek . . .

But the double alliteration—*love, live; skin, sleek*—was excessive; so he decided to retain the dimples and let the tinsy whimsical little Smiles keep house in them. He wrote:

> And love to live in dimple sleek . . .

*Cheek*, not *cheeks*, for the sake of the rhyme; and *dimple*, not *dimples*—because of dimples sleek. Though it was only natural to suppose that Hebe had two cheeks, there's a hoary Latin verse-convention that allows the use of singular for plural, and Milton took advantage of it. And he knew, of course, that dimples aren't sleek; however, another hoary Latin verse-convention, called "transference of epithet," allowed him to call the *dimple* "sleek," instead of the cheek. But this is not honest English.

That it was a "tripping measure" suggested the next line:

> Come and trip it as you go . . .

The rhyme would be *toe*, meaning *toes*. So he used another transferred epithet, making *fantastic* govern *toe*. But this is not honest English either. In English, toes are not "fantastic," unless one is a Charles Addams monster, or has been forced to wear tight shoes as a child.

So Milton was now back at:

> And in the right hand lead with thee
> The Mountain Nymph, sweet Liberty . . .

and rattled on:

> I'll live with her, and live with thee
> In unrestrained pleasures free . . .

He then thought of his Puritanical father, who was paying him a modest allowance to write poems in a cottage at Chalfont St. Giles, rather than enter the family scrivener's office. What would Father say about *"unrestrained"?* He changed it to *"unreproved,"* which made the line sound less orgiastic. Yet condonation of wanton wiles, including a derision of serious, careworn men, still seemed a bit dangerous, so he dissociated himself from the poem by making it describe the ideal, mirthful man—and not himself, John Milton.

THE next trouble was that he had carelessly repeated the *'with thee-ee'* rhyme. He corrected this by inserting two more lines of padding:

> And if I give thee honour due,
> Nymph, admit me of thy crew . . .

*'Nymph,'* again! Very well, he'd call her by her real name and risk it:

> Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
> To live with her, and live with thee,
> etc., etc.

Then the poem got underway at last:

> To hear the lark begin his flight
> And singing startle the dull night . . .

Milton now asks Mirth's permission (unnecessarily, I think) to hear the lark begin his flight and sing, etc., until the dappled dawn doth rise; and then to come and bid her good-morrow at his window, peering out through the sweet brier, vine, or twisted eglantine, at the

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cock in the barnyard crowing and stoutly strutting before his dames. So far, not so bad. But while distractedly bidding good-morrow, at the window, to Mirth, with one ear cocked for the hounds and horn, he sometimes, we are told, goes *"walking, not unseen, by hedgerow elms, on hillocks green."* Either Milton had forgotten that he was still supposedly standing naked at the open window—(the Jacobeans always slept raw)—or else the subject of "walking" is the cock who escapes from the barnyard, deserts his dames, ceases to strut and, anxiously aware of the distant hunt, trudges far afield among ploughmen and shepherds in the dale. But why should Milton give twenty lines to the adventures of the neighbour's wandering cock? And why *"Walking, not unseen"?* Not unseen by whom?

Please, do not think that I am joking when I suggest that a chunk of the poem formed the sixth page of Milton's manuscript and got accidentally misplaced as the third page. (Always number your pages, girls!) Milton laid the poem aside for a few days, perhaps, while he visited London to see whether Jonson's learned socks were on and, when he returned, did not notice the mistake.

WELL, when Milton had finished *Il Penseroso*, he took *L'Allegro* up again and found it far too countrified. In *Il Penseroso* he had sown Classical allusions with the sack; but apart from Hebe's cheek and a reference at the end to Orpheus and Eurydice, *L'Allegro* might have been written by any poetic bumpkin (Shakespeare, poor fellow, for example—"father lost his money in the meat trade and couldn't send young Will to college.") So, Milton tacked on that ponderous *"Hence, loathed Melancholy"* piece to *"Haste thee, Nymph,"* and there introduced the Nymph in due Classical form as Euphrosyne; giving her, for good measure, two variant mythical parentages.

He also, I believe, inserted that most un-English passage about Corydon's meeting with his boy-friend Thyrsis at the cottage between the oaks. Phillis prepares their luncheon and scurries discreetly off in pretended haste, saying that she has to bind the August sheaves, or perhaps cart the June hay, she isn't sure which. Milton, incidentally, not having access to an Apollodorus in Chalfont St. Giles, misreported Euphrosyne's birth. Her mother was neither Venus nor Aurora, but the Moon-goddess Eurynome; her father neither Zephyr nor ivy-crowned Bacchus, but jolly old Father Zeus himself, with a thunderbolt in his fist and a grog-blossom on his nose.

If you think that I'm exaggerating Milton's pride in his Cambridge education, you will have to account for these lines:

> Thou goddess fair and free
> In Heav'n ycleped Euphrosyne,
> And by men heart-easing Mirth . . .

—which made Milton an immortal and mortalized all the uneducated Chalfont clods who could talk only English, who called Thyrsis "Maister Jack Melton" and who called Corydon "that young furriner, Maister Charley Deodati, or somesuch."

THE legitimacy of this sort of chiseling "appreciation" is tested when one applies it to other, similar songs of mirthful invocation such as Shakespeare's:

> Come unto these yellow sands,
> And then take hands . . .

or the nursery-rhyme:

> Girls and boys, come out to play:
> The moon doth shine as bright
> as day . . .

There the probing cold-chisel of criticism rings against the true rock of poetry. With *L'Allegro*, the plaster flakes away and the rubble tumbles out.

I grant that *L'Allegro* is cunning verbal music—"linked sweetness long drawn out" as he called it—and that Milton is a cunning musician who can cheat you of your inheritance of common sense as easily as he once cheated his Royalist mother-in-law, Mrs. Powel, of her "widow's third." Shakespeare, on the other hand, was an English poet and always played fair, except sometimes when he knocked off verses too hurriedly for patching up some old play. He burlesqued the "University wits" who wrote English as if it were Latin, and never did so himself, though his grammar school education seems to have been a sound one.

The genius of the English language, whether transplanted to Wales, Scotland, Ireland or America remains literal, logical, and anti-hypothetical. No sensitive poet or critic can accept without a blush Milton's pastoral affectations:

> Ye daffodillies fill your cups with tears
> And strew them on the hearse where
> Lycid lies . . .

in what is supposed to be an elegy for his dead college friend. Especially after Shakespeare had written in *The Winter's Tale* the wholly unpastoral lines:

> Yellow daffodills
> That come before the swallow dares, and take
> The winds of March with beauty . . .

which no true poet who has lived through an English winter can read without a catch at the heart.

A poem is legitimately judged by the standards of craftsmanship implied in the form used. One expects little from a fo'csle ballad where even false rhymes do not matter so long as the tune is brisk. But Milton was not writing a fo'csle ballad. Why pretend that English poetry is held in a Latin strait-jacket, from which one has to wriggle out with the artful aid of grammatical and syntactical license?

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# *Faulkner Returns to Yoknapatawpha*

## *by Donald Malcolm*

WILLIAM FAULKNER'S new novel is the second of a trilogy dealing with the conquest of Yoknapatawpha County by the peculiar and innumerable tribe of Snopeses. The first novel in this series, *The Hamlet*, chronicled the downfall of Frenchman's Bend. *The Town* deals with the infiltration and conquest of Jefferson by a horde of Snopeses whose names would give pause to any but the most hardened of symbolists—Snopeses named I.O. and Bilbo and Mink and Montgomery Ward and Vardaman. They are a weird assortment, so grotesque that one doubts if Mr. Faulkner himself can seriously consider them a factor in the decline of the old order in the South:

*The Town*, by William Faulkner (Random House; $3.95).

> . . . In six months Flem Snopes had not only eliminated the partner from the restaurant, Snopes himself was out of it, replaced . . . by another Snopes accreted in from Frenchman's Bend into the vacuum behind the first one's next advancement by that same sort of osmosis by which . . . they had covered Frenchman's Bend, the chain unbroken, every Snopes in Frenchman's Bend moving up one step, leaving that last slot at the bottom open for the next Snopes to appear from nowhere and fill. . . .

There is something altogether inhuman in this comedy of advancing Snopeses. We are told that the tribe proceeds by "osmosis," as if it were a sort of living ooze that has spread over Yoknapatawpha County. It does not remind one of any human family, however clannish, but of some colony of one-celled creatures, in which each member serves instinctively the interest of the whole. Except for avarice, which propels the entire sinister colony forward, the Snopses reveal no recognizable human trait. They are creatures from a nightmare, oppressive and unnatural.

There is, in fact, a strong element of magic in Faulkner's world. It is unmistakable in the gruesomely jocular chapter that deals with the reign of terror imposed upon Jefferson by Byron Snopes' children "out of a Jicarilla Apache squaw in Old Mexico." These little monsters are able to break into the Coca-Cola bottling plant without disturbing the locked doors and windows. They appear never to sleep, and when one of the elder Snopeses, with infinite precautions, creeps into their room at midnight and shines a flashlight on their pallet, he finds, "eight black eyes already . . . wide open looking straight at him." He administers a dose of knockout drops and repeats the experiment, only to be knifed in the dark for his trouble.

IF the Snopeses appear to be less than human, the members of the old order in Jefferson are often made to seem more than mortal. There is, for example, Manfred De Spain, whose prolonged affair with the wife of Flem Snopes provides the tribe with its principal means of advancement. When De Spain wins a local election—his campaign consists chiefly of challenging the opposition to a duel—the author says of him:

> It was a landslide because more than just he had won, been elected. The new age had entered Jefferson; he was merely its champion, the Godfrey de Bouillon, the Tancred, the Jefferson Richard Lion-heart of the 20th Century.

There is no denying that these are extravagant titles for the mayor of a small Mississippi town, but we are dealing here with greatly magnified beings. Thus, when De Spain's provocative paramour goes out for a stroll, it seems to the awe-struck townspeople that her garments

> . . . would wilt and fail from that mere plain and simple striding which would shred them away like the wheel of a constellation through a wisp and cling of trivial scud.

Small wonder then, that when the townspeople recall the meeting of Godfrey de Bouillon de Tancred de Richard Lion-Heart de Spain and Helen Semiramis Lilith Eula Varner Snopes, they are moved to remark, "it seemed to us that we were watching Fate. . . ." This fate, or Fate, produced a love affair of some 18 years duration, from which the town tactfully averted its gaze, as from the mating of two public monuments.

THIS was only fitting for, in a sense, De Spain and Mrs. Snopes *are* public monuments, and so are most of the other important characters in *The Town*. They stand as so many statues, gesturing with convulsive significance over inscriptions which tell us what to think of them. For instance, we are informed that, on first seeing Mrs. Snopes

> . . . you felt a kind of shock of gratitude for just being alive and male at the same instant with her . . . and then in the next second and forever after a kind of despair because you knew that there never would be enough of any one male to match and hold and deserve her . . .

But the character of Mrs. Snopes is nothing more than the sum of such compliments. She herself does nothing to prove title to the couch of Semiramis, and we are left with only the author's word for her fascination. It is not enough. With the best will in the world, one finds it impossible to take a serious interest in the characters of *The Town*. Their human qualities have been absorbed in the rhetoric of myth-manufacturing. For, when characters go so solemnly about their symbolic and rhetorical duties, ordinary relations among them are put out of the question. They communicate chiefly by striking attitudes at one another. Here, for instance, is Gavin Stevens in conversation with his sister:

> "Yes, you have tried." He moved quick and put his hand on the top of her head, still talking. "And bless you for it. Tried always to deny that damned female instinct for uxorious and rigid respectability which is the backbone of any culture not yet decadent, which

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remains strong and undecadent only so long as it still produces an incorrigible unreconstructible with the temerity to assail and affront and deny it—like you—" and for a second both of us thought he was going to bend down and kiss her. . . .

This is simply bad style, even if we overlook the sudden drop into bathos that concludes the passage, and even if we approach the author as the special case he clearly is. The great strength of Mr. Faulkner's prose, it seems to me, has always been the tension one feels within those vast shapeless sentences. While his vocabulary tends toward refinement ("uxorious," "temerity," "affront," and so on) his verbal constructions, working in a contrary direction, simply shatter all syntactical categories. In some of his best work—*Absalom, Absalom* for example—it is as if a sense of outrage and incredulity had forced its way into an elegant expression, causing it to writhe and stretch across the page. But in *The Town,* as the passages above may indicate, the style seems to lack conviction; the distortion has become a mannerism. It seems pointlessly to insist, as the whole novel unhappily seems to insist, upon a significance it cannot demonstrate.

# *The Brainwasher's Companion*

## *by Philip Deane*

*Battle for the Mind*—a short, most important and dangerous book by William Sargant, a psychiatrist, is passionately interesting, infuriating, intriguing and, above all, terrifying because it describes a simple and apparently ancient technique through which almost anyone could be brainwashed, have his mind drained empty of its contents and refilled with the beliefs of the brainwasher. The book is most important because it tells how we stand in danger of being brainwashed even on this side of the Iron Curtain. The book is also dangerous because it provides the latest scientific manual for would-be brainwashers, be they promoters of political dogma, religious belief or merchandise.

*Battle for the Mind*, by William Sargant (Doubleday; $4.50).

*Battle for the Mind* fascinated me because it described in an organized, methodical way, readably and without much jargon, a process to which I was subjected while a prisoner of the Communists in Korea. In capsule form, this process starts with giving the victim what we laymen would call a king-size nervous breakdown, by increasing his existing tensions or creating others. Physical weakness or disease, especially intestinal disorders, hasten the breakdown. To crack the tougher nuts, brain surgery or castration may prove necessary. (Janos Kadar, the present puppet premier of Hungary was castrated by the Stalinists during the Rajk purge.)

During the breakdown, existing patterns of thought and behavior collapse. The victim is in a state of increased suggestibility; thus "new patterns can be implanted in him and he may begin to think and act in ways that precisely contradict his former ones." It is the emotions that are attacked—not reason—to produce the necessary breakdown. Fear, therefore can play a large part in the process but so can anger. These two emotions are often combined in the uncertainty, the frightful waiting and futility one is subjected to in the hands of the Communist brainwashers.

And the most vulnerable people, according to Dr. Sargant, are those we call ordinary. Ordinary people, he points out, are so considered because they do not behave oddly, because they conform to the accepted norm of society, because, in other words, they are most susceptible to social pressures directed at securing conformity. Ordinary people are suggestible people.

The technique Dr. Sargant describes, is most extensively used today in Communist China. "Where Russia set out to shape lives first and foremost," he writes, "China is embarked on the task of shaping minds as well." Here is how it is done:

First, the training takes place in a special area or camp which almost completely severs all ties with the trainees' families and former friends and facilitates the breakup of old behavior patterns. A second constant factor is fatigue. Students are subjected to a schedule which maintains physical and mental fatigue throughout the training. . . . Coupled with the fatigue is a third constant—tension. Uncertainty is a fourth factor throughout the process. Trainees who conspicuously fail to comprehend the camp pattern in the first few weeks, disappear overnight and there is usually a well-sown rumor concerning their fate. A fifth constant factor is the use of vicious language. The final factor is the seriousness of the whole process. Humor is forbidden. . . . An important part of the training technique is the writing of autobiographies and diaries. . . . For every action you described you had to give its motive in detail. . . . Such detailed confessions can be used by directors [brainwashers] in finding a sore spot to work upon. . . . An important part of the process is the stimulation of fear and doubt. . . . Shall he tell all . . . ? If so will it be used against him? The trainee has to wrestle silently and alone with all these anxieties and conflicts until he finally breaks down and decides to confess all.

DR. SARGANT makes clear that the victim may confess to sins he has not really committed but which are suggested by the brainwasher. The victim is alone, for all he knows irrevocably in the power of those trying to convert him. He is allowed to fear the worst—an imprecise and therefore more terrible worst—if he does not do what is required and he is never quite sure what is required. His mind, to protect itself from the damage of further stress takes the one avenue held open to it for escaping the fearful strain—the avenue of compliance. Once

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this stage is reached, the relief is overwhelming.

SINCE the Communists stopped short of breaking me down I cannot personally describe this feeling of relief but here is what an actual Chinese "trainee" experienced, as reported in Dr. Sargant's book:

> Up to the period of crisis, most of the Communist jargon was relatively meaningless. It was just a new language to be memorized. . . . Now he begins to find that it does have some pertinence to his problem. . . . In place of his feeling of guilt, he is now fired with the conviction that he must publicize his newly found security and help others find peace of mind through service to the organization. . . . It takes at least another four months of intense work to consolidate the hold on the now willing mind. Some rewards are given for enthusiasm and in appreciation of the conversion of the trainee.

All of which is impressive and frightening but hardly constitutes scientific proof that brainwashing works. The evidence is all hearsay and it takes place behind the Iron Curtain.

So Dr. Sargant proceeds to show other evidence that brainwashing, by the technique he describes, can and does take place successfully. He gives chilling and authentic examples of brainwashing used by American and British policemen in obtaining confessions which may not be true. The fact that stands out in these examples is that the police examiner convinces himself of the guilt of the prisoner, then convinces the prisoner.

*Battle for the Mind,* also shows that voodooism is brainwashing. The primitive tribal medicine men produce breakdowns by endless rhythmic drumming and dancing, punctuated by the hoarse cries of the priests. Nazism used voodoo-like techniques.

But what will doubtlessly raise temperatures most is Dr. Sargant's description of brainwashing techniques used in Christian conversions. Here are some illuminating statements by evangelists, cited in *Battle for the Mind.*

> . . . But if experience and observation have taught me anything, it is that there is a way of discussing these subjects most logically in the pulpit which does little good . . . listeners must be made to feel they are their own destroyers . . .

And this must be kept up:

> Another thing some ministers have been greatly blamed for, and I think unjustly, is speaking terror to those who are already under great terrors, instead of comforting them . . . But . . . where the truth is made perfectly clear to the sinner's mind, if he does not soon submit, his case is hopeless . . .

Another evangelist advises:

> Take pains to learn the state of his mind—what he is thinking of, how he feels and what he feels most deeply upon and then press that thoroughly; and do not divert his mind by talking about anything else. Do not fear to press that point, for fear of driving him to distraction.

And here is how an evangelist describes the results of the techniques:

> Some sank down, and there remained no strength in them, others exceedingly trembled and quaked; some were torn with a kind of convulsive motion in every part of their bodies, and that so violently that often four or five persons could not hold one of them. . . .

Thus:

> Great terrors have been followed with . . . sudden and great light and comfort; when the sinner seems to be, as it were, subdued and brought to a calm, from a kind of tumult of mind.

The similarities are striking indeed, but again they prove nothing conclusively. Though the evidence is impressive, it does not prove scientifically that brainwashing is possible in the sense of permanently remaking the mind of a man. We have seen that after destalinization, after the relaxation of terror, people in Communist countries, though conditioned carefully all their lives, revelled in criticizing the regime; and in Hungary, they rebelled.

THE police techniques quoted by Dr. Sargant are often applied to abnormal people who are either mentally retarded or warped. The Church conversions, it can be argued, concern people who want to be converted because they feel it will do them good. Nazism was giving an outlet to an existing frustrated nationalism.

As far as I can tell, Dr. Sargant's answer to such criticism is that it credits too much importance to *will.* He main-

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tains that brainwashing or conversion is a physiological mechanistic process not related to such things as "soul" and not dependent, though related, on such things as temperament. This is the Pavlovian thesis. Dr. Sargant describes Pavlov's theories and his brainwashing-experiments on dogs with techniques now used by the Communists. He then draws striking comparisons between his own observations of battle fatigue cases and the Pavlov experiments.

Communist scientists have accepted such similarities as conclusive. Their whole psychotherapy and physiology is Pavlovism. In brainwashing the Communists apply the Pavlovian conclusions, and they do achieve spectacular results —Cardinal Mindszenty's confession, for instance. But the Cardinal's reconditioning did not last.

Dr. Sargant suggests that perfected Pavlovian techniques might make the conversions more permanent. However, he advances this suggestion in a properly tentative manner. He wants it investigated thoroughly, though how this can be done, how large numbers of people, of various temperaments and training can be made willing to try mental demolition and remodelling, I do not know. Pavlov's thesis, and Dr. Sargant's, in short, may be impossible to test scientifically, and *Battle for the Mind* implies this may be so. Moreover, the book does not delve enough into the influence of learning on resistance to brainwashing.

Thus the book's scope is limited. But it does show that a dictator could always produce at least a minority of fanatical followers who would be a formidable weapon. *Battle for the Mind* also gives advice on how to avoid succumbing to brainwashing—advice I can vouch to be good. And if Dr. Sargant had done no more I would have found little to complain about, for if God is not a conditioned reflex, if we have a soul and a religious sense, they cannot be abolished by wanting to investigate their existence or their relation to the mechanics of the nervous system.

SUCH an investigation can be a successful field for a psychiatrist like Sargant. But when he leaves this specialized field he founders. From Pavlovian brainwashing, he tries to draw general guidance for mankind and for the desirable limits of religious or political mystique. "The brain," he concludes, "must not be abused by having forced upon it any religious or political mystique that stunts reason [a word he does not define], or any form of crude rationalism that stunts the religious sense [which he also does not define]." And having equated evangelism with brainwashing, he goes to great and unconvincing pains to placate the religious-minded by saying that evangelists abuse the brain but to a good end: "The proof of the pudding lies in the eating," Dr. Sargant says. "Wesley changed the religious and social life of England for the better with the help of such methods."

Wesley made the gin-swilling rebellious workers of the industrial revolution meek and acquiescent in the face of every economic and political abuse. There are those who will disagree with Dr. Sargant that this was a good end.

# *Steinbeck the Soft-Hearted Satirist*

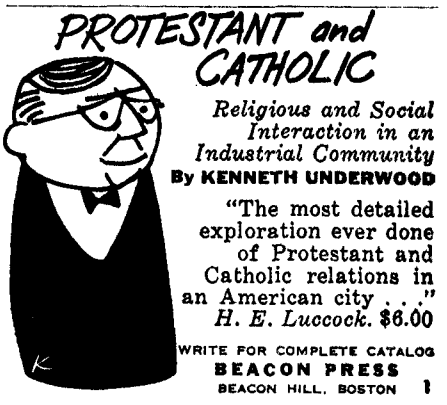
## *by Harry T. Moore*

NOW and then the bloated literary reputations need to be punctured: with some critics, doing this is an act of penance. Admittedly, it's less fun to jab away at Steinbeck than at some of the other overinflated authors, for he has consistently and ardently been the champion of causes approved of by seasoned liberals. But it takes more than this to make a man a novelist of the stature claimed for Steinbeck in the present volume of "critical" bouquets, which should properly be called *Steinbeck and his Worshippers.*

*Steinbeck and His Critics: An Anthology with Introduction and Notes*, by E. W. Tedlock, Jr., and C. V. Wicker (New Mexico; $6). *The Short Reign of Pippin IV: A Fabrication,* by John Steinbeck (Viking; $3).

The reason so many of his former admirers no longer enjoy his work is that the weaknesses of the earlier writings, excusable enough in a young novelist, have prevailed: the woodenness and the sentimentalism. Over the years, he has become the idol of book clubs and movie audiences, and of a vast uninstructed reading public. Critics of high standing have either ignored Steinbeck or, in books or journals of limited circulation, have exposed his defects. Wilson, Kazin, and Geismar are three important critics, for example, who have detailed Steinbeck's imperfections: ironically, in this book whose title implies criticism, their essays do not appear amid the flourish of uncritical tributes.

Let's look at one case. In his essay an "Christian Symbolism in *The Grapes of Wrath,*" Martin Staples Shockley takes up a lot of space trying to show that Jim Casy, the itinerant preacher in that novel, is a Christ symbol. This is nothing new: the original readers of the book in 1939 readily enough saw the connection between such statements as Christ's "Father forgive them; for they know not what they do" and Casy's "You fellas don' know what you're doin' "—the latter not referring to the soldiers of Tiberius but to California vigilantes wearing American Legion caps and about to knock Casy's brains out with a pick handle. The trouble is that our searcher of the texts fails to see, or at least fails to mention, that this is really not significant parallel but crude parody. And in the scene where the Joad's daughter Rosasharn breast-feeds the starving old man, Shockley finds this Maupassantist naturalism an example of "the ultimate mystery of the Christian religion." For, "in this, her Gethesmane, Rosasharn says, in effect, 'Not my will, but Thine be done'." The "in effect" saves Steinbeck—to some extent. He of course makes frequent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use of myth and symbol, though not always so preposterously as some of his latest admirers seem to think he does. He serves up enough bogus writing, however, to encourage these extravagant responses.

These matters of course belong to what we might call the opinion racket: and who knows, maybe posterity will accept Steinbeck as another Tolstoy, despite today's high-level critical opinion to the contrary—the kind of opinion so clamorously missing from the present collection of essays. As for *critics,* Steinbeck scorns them, or so he protests in several articles scattered across this book. Sometimes he crosses himself up, as in his polemical "Critics, Critics, Burning Bright," written in 1950 after the New York aisle-seaters disliked his play, *Burning Bright.* Perhaps his assurance that he is "not criticizing critics" is meant to be ironic, for he speaks of most of those who disliked his drama as emotional, hysterical, and vehement; they were so enraged at the play's language that "they did not investigate the theme." It is confusing to read all this in an essay toward the middle of the book when earlier the reader has already discovered, in Peter Lisca's "Literary Biography" of this author—checked by Steinbeck himself—that

> . . . four years after the book's publication he admitted in private conversation that the play was a failure in writing, that it was too abstract, that it preached too much, and that the audience was always a step ahead of it.

And how many steps ahead, one wonders, were those bright-burning critics?

One word more on this homage volume: on its last page, Steinbeck in a single sentence reveals why he writes with such sentimentalism and embarrassing naïveté, as if he wished he could meet his own Preacher Casy, who said, "I love people so much I'm fit to bust sometimes." Of himself, Steinbeck writes on that blushing last page, "like everyone, I want to be good and strong and virtuous and wise and loved."

And there you have it. You also have the reason why Steinbeck shouldn't attempt satire—which is what both he and his blurb writer call this *Pippin IV* novel. Actually, it is a gentle comedy, superficially amusing for a while; but long before its 188th and last page, it begins to pall.

For this *Pippin* story is no more than an extended anecdote about a king who tries to be more democratic than the democrats and thereby gets into trouble of a traditional French-revolutionary kind. The fable is cliché, and most of its language is cliché masquerading as epigram: "There's no snob like a self-made man," and so on. Throughout, the characters are made to speak like those in a phrase book. The king appears to be likeable enough, and his relatives try to be. There is for example the uncle who deals in proverbs and fake paintings, whom the author has, appropriately enough, contrived with painful fakery; and there is the king's daughter, a recognizable cartoon of a teen-age novelist, about as profoundly created as the take-offs, in TV shows, of Brando or Capote. Odd: American writers used to "do" Europeans so well, comically or otherwise, between the times of Irving and Henry James. As for satire, surely Steinbeck is too soft-hearted for the medium: for that, one needs the *saeva indignatio,* or at least the chill upper lip of the author of *The Loved One.* In this category a squashy sentimentalism won't do. Nevertheless, the continuing admirers of Steinbeck will probably hail this soft "satire" as an important mutation in his career and will nourish the book with the usual overpraise. Indeed, it has already received the accolade of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

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# *An Ecdysiast's Memoir*

## *by Bass Yarling*

GYPSY ROSE LEE, like many another grande dame of the marquee, has written her "memoir"—thus paying out an extra dividend of self-revelation to a vast and durable clientele. Members of her legion who do not choose to read have reason to anticipate more asceptic versions of the ordeal later in the movies and on television.

*Gypsy,* by Gypsy Rose Lee (Harper; $3.95).

The faithful should be advised, however, that the Great Stripper does not show typographically as much of her alabaster self as used to be visible when she was flickering up and down the runways at Minsky's, the Star and Garter, the old Howard and other temples of folk—or folksy—ballet. Her reverence for literature is well known and apparently so strongly felt that she does not think it proper to go naked between the covers of a book. The memoir consequently represents a sharp break from the current mode in pubic confession. It offers no heady snort for tastes refined by the recent spate of books which celebrate sin and repentance.

With the same economy of effort that characterized her footlight art, the former Miss Rose Louise Hovick of Seattle has named the work just plain "Gypsy." Any commentator who questions the purity of her authorship had better retire to a fortified position. In the exploitation parlors of the book industry, they consider it definitely *non de rigeur* to ask whether she was guided through the torment of creation by a kindly ghost, or had merely the editorial chaperonage extended by kindly publishing houses to their writing stables. It shouldn't matter for in either case she may well be proud of a treatise on life in the raw which is crisply and sensibly composed and is without undue literary swagger.

The book, in mood and architecture, marks a revival of the classic picaresque tale, written in grease paint. It also has a picaresque irrelevance to the facts and credos generally associated with the good life. Its basic material is too rich a

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mixture for the "memoir" which has to be put together under the strains and injunctions of discreet self-censorship. Perhaps it could have aspired to higher honors had it been presented unconditionally as a work of fiction since fiction is a more dependable method for communicating nature's verities than autobiography. Readers might be more willingly wheedled into accepting the book's considerable expanse of truth if it had been labeled a novel of fantasy.

The chief culprit in this wandering harlequinade was a female desperado who commandeered the testament on page 4 and remained in charge until Gypsy scored triumph and vindication as premiere danseuse at Ballet Minsky. Madame Rose was the mother of Rose Louise (later Gypsy Rose Lee) and her younger sister, Dainty June (who, as June Havoc, became a successful non-deciduous actress in the sometimes serious drama). The story begins on an unpinpointed date shortly after Madame Rose had moodily run through the third of three marriages. She had found no felicity under marital restraints—largely, one must conclude, because of a monomania which kept her convinced that a mother's chief duty is to get her tots into show biz. Hers had been rather aimless tots, working only now and then as semi-pros in lodge entertainments. Gypsy, a chubby girl, was unemployed most of the time prior to her seventh or eighth birthday.

Madame Rose ended this period of juvenile shiftlessness by recruiting six hapless urchins from dancing schools and amateur contests. A catch-as-catch-can impresario, she drilled them into a moderately negotiable exercise in vaudeville. The vehicle was contrived for the purpose of transporting Dainty June to stardom in the theatre. Dainty June was a prancing moppet who shivered with talent and gave off a seraphic glow; it is notorious that she performed on her toes like a ballerina when she was two-and-a-half years old.

Forgetting toes, our poor Louise (not yet Gypsy)—even employing the whole of both feet plus legs—could not achieve what was then regarded as dancing. She was considered the no-talent member of the troupe. Like a Cinderella, reimagined for a more fevered era, she sewed costumes, capered mechanically with the little boys in ensemble members and sang "I'm a Hard-Boiled Rose," interminably and prophetically, in her inconspicuous niche on the bill.

Madame Rose, an arresting combination of padrona and carnivorous stage mother, paid her diminutive performers no salaries but rewarded them with nickels for candy bars. For the good of the corps, she mortified her conscience, to wit: fleeced venal tradespeople and bonifaces along the right-of-way; stole conservatively; committed forgery; wrote poison-pen letters; turned handsprings through the child-labor laws; hired claques to whoop it up for her hard-working bambinos and howl down their competition. Mother was "not nice," Gypsy explains, and adds loyally, "She was, in her own words, a jungle mother and she knew too well that in the jungle it doesn't pay to be nice."

LIKE another goddess (also a stripper) emerging from the foam, Gypsy took off from the heavy steam of this jungle and became one of the theatre's towering personalities. For every American who ever heard of Duse, a hundred rejoice in knowing about Gypsy Rose Lee and in having witnessed at least 95 percent of her illustrious pelt. She acquired three husbands, a 27-room house on Manhattan's most expensive soil and a Rolls-Royce tailored as specifically to her station in life as her Paris gowns. Mr. John makes her hats and Henry Louis Mencken reached deep into his treasure trove of philology to make a viable designation for her and all succeeding leaders in her profession. "Ecdysiast" is almost as secure in the history of the language as Gypsy, herself, in the history of the theatre.

Let's take a healthy view of our peculiar environment and shed an impulse to smirk patronizingly at this author's eminence because the mainstream of her career has had a frivolous lilt. She did not make our tastes but rather mirrored them with a certain happy elegance. She has significance as a lively agent and reagent through at least a quarter of our twentieth-century climb toward culture.

At a period when expensive glamor was beyond our means and the movies were being denatured by cowboys from one side and by art from the other, Gypsy and her colleagues put "show" back into show business. We should be grateful that she was—and had—a public figure.

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# The Uses of the Opposition

*by Frederic W. Collins*

THE ISSUANCE of these essays (Harvard's 1957 Godkin Lectures) between covers is a fortunate second chance for Mr. Gaitskell's ideas. It may be remembered that he had hardly arrived in Massachusetts when Sir Anthony Eden resigned as Prime Minister. That overshadowed Mr. Gaitskell's talks and sent him hurrying home, cutting out a tour on which he might have had wider display for his thoughts.

*The Challenge of Coexistence,* by Hugh Gaitskell (Harvard; $2.50).

These three lectures are on Coexistence in Europe, and The Uncommitted Areas. The first is the least rewarding, but when he gets to the subject of Europe he is well warmed up, and his discussion of a possible resolution of issues there with the Soviet Union is one of his best offerings. His essay on the uncommitted areas is of sustained high quality, perceptive and constructive, and contains, for example, better argumentation for economic aid than the administration has been able to develop on Capitol Hill this year even under the prodding of critical necessity.

Mr. Gaitskell puts his finger on NATO's strengths and weaknesses with accurate insight. It is necessary, it is real, and under certain conditions it could operate. But it is militarily weak and caught in the confusion between conventional and atomic warfare. No one is quite sure what the trip wire would set off. The development of the intercontinental ballistic missile makes possible, at least, a question whether the United States attitude toward Europe will continue to be just what it is. NATO, too, is divided on issues outside Europe, and its central political question, Germany, is unsolved.

But the Soviet Union, Mr. Gaitskell points out, has its own dilemma. Continued rigid control over local Communist parties could provoke more insurrections. Relaxation would leave the USSR with no instrument of control but the Soviet army. So, it seems to Mr. Gaitskell worth inquiring what the price would be for a way out, providing security. He would go Mr. Eden several better, trying for neutralization not only of all Germany, but Poland, Czechoslovakia and Hungary, and if possible, Roumania and Bulgaria.

Since Mr. Gaitskell formulated these thoughts it has become somewhat clearer, as he himself would perhaps acknowledge, that the USSR will not negotiate any arrangement which would weaken the Soviet State, nor trade off any Communist regimes. That he has advertised his terms, however, may one day prove helpful.

For unity's sake in NATO, Mr. Gaitskell believes that "understanding" rather than new machinery can be relied upon, an understanding that no NATO member will act on its own anywhere without consulting its partners, "taking seriously what your friends say . . . making an effort to get agreement." As to integration in Europe, he is for it, but for various cogent reasons would condition British political involvement on a broader integration within the Atlantic Community.

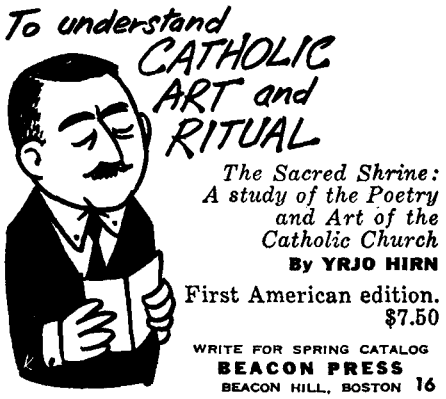
These are such solid essays, so detailed in analyses, so particular in their projections, that it is a disservice to skim them or summarize them. This is especially true when he is talking of the uncommitted areas, as here:

> This is the dilemma which faces a democracy in such conditions. Either it goes too slowly, in which case adverse comparisons will be made with more rapidly advancing Communist states; or its progress is fast, in which case the discontent caused by holding down the rate of consumption may result in an explosion and provide just the conditions in which the Communists come into power.
>
> There is only one way out of the dilemma. If these countries are both to make rapid economic progress and to retain their democratic systems, they must be given some outside help. I believe that upon the possibility of this help turns more than on anything else the question of whether they stay democratic.

For further reasons carefully stated, Mr. Gaitskell believes the basic work will have to be done by the governments.

"It is not, and certainly should not be," he says sharply

> . . . the object of the exercise to try and spread the theory and practice of economic liberalism. Indeed, I have for long thought that the confusion between political democracy and *laissez-faire* economic policy was one of the most unfortunate and dangerous fallacies—which, however well-intentioned its authors may be, has done




# The Cock of Confidence

BEDRAGGLED swaggerer, limp at last in mud
and leaking scarlet from a blinded beak,
glossy tosser slumped to this small clump
of settled feathers, wet and death weak,
quite killed who crowed from fence or stump, the sun,
and roused a harem from the clucking barn,
still blue with morning, for your early fun—
The world was egg warm and all yours, Don Juan,
when flattered hens would flutter at your strut
and mastered by the masculine, lie down
to thrash beneath your passion one by one,
but now around the body of desire,
pitiless idiots, they wobble, pecking out
your eyes' cold fire, my failure chanticleer.

HAROLD WITT

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much harm to the solidarity of the free world.

The principles of the UN, he believes, form a useful code for nations. The limitations are that it cannot automatically redress civil wrongs (as when Colonel Nasser nationalized the Suez), cannot always protect the victim of aggression (Hungary), and cannot both pass and enforce judgment in every dispute (Kashmir). He warns against regarding such limitations as an excuse for avoiding a positive foreign policy of one's own: Beyond UN's limits, great powers must meet their responsibilities.

The book gives reminder of how splendid can be the uses of the Opposition. In an extension of his present official role, Mr. Gaitskell conducts in these lectures a constructive analytical criticism of a different kind of Government, the structure of stereotypes which in some measure rules the thought of statesmen the world over.

# *A Romantic on Early New England*

## *by R. W. Flint*

JOHN BERRYMAN'S "romanticism," is a very delicate affair. Underlying it is a stoicism of a peculiarly expressive kind, an ability to exorcise extremes of emotion by imitating them in controlled but extravagant verse:

I too the breaking blizzard's eddies bore
One year, another year: tempted to drop
At my own feet forlorn
Under the warm fall, frantic more to chop
Wide with the gale until my thought ran numb
Clenching the blue skin tight against what white spikes come,
And the sick brain estop . . .

This, from "A Winter-Piece to a Friend Away," of 1947, is the bizarre, highly individual style he evolved from his more conventional earlier experiments with iambic pentameter. It is literary, even a touch arty, but also intensely alive, the maturing style of a full-fledged poet, not, like Lawrence or Joyce, a novelist writing poems and content with a few simple devices, or a critic illustrating his theories in verse. Like the best of Byron, Laforgue or Corbière, it has all the journalistic as well as the rhetorical virtues.

*Homage to Mistress Bradstreet*, by John Berryman (Farrar, Straus and Cudahy; $3.75).

I struggle to articulate
Why it is our promise breaks in pieces early.
The Muses' visitants come soon, go surly
With liquor & mirrors away
In this land wealthy & casual as a holiday.

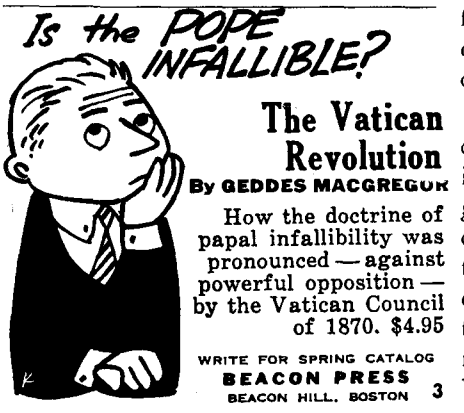
The worse the news, one might say, the better the verse. What weakened his first book was a lack of substance. The sad old men and women, the dolls, fragile lady-loves, statues, "violent strangers," demented priests, circus animals, etc., smacked too much of the decorative manias of bygone years. Nothing quite held the place for Berryman that New England and the sea held for Robert Lowell or the war for Randall Jarrell; the poetry lived too much on its nerves and learning.

His choice of Anne Bradstreet, the colonial poetess, as a subject for a long internal monologue was a stroke of genius. Here is all the extremity, all the opportunity for dramatic paradox, that the heart could desire; also an ideal chance for Berryman to show his devotion to the stoic essentials. To trace its many influences — Blake, Hopkins, Yeats, late Shakespeare, the *poètes maudits*, etc.—would be mere pedantry; the poem is triumphantly itself, and invites favorable comparison with Hopkins' *The Wreck of the Deutschland* and the best of Lowell.

I fear Hell's hammer-wind. But fear does wane.
Death's blossoms grain my hair; I cannot live.
A black joy clashes
joy in twilight. The Devil said
'I will deal toward her softly, and her enchanting cries
will fool the horns of Adam.'
Father of lies,
a male great pestle smashes
small women swarming towards the mortar's rim in vain.

Notice how in his use of "does" and "cannot" he works against the rhetoric, balancing extravagance with reality, pathos with passion. Might this be called theological melodrama? Yes and no. The real drama is not theological at all but the simple account of a Puritan woman's loneliness and heroism, stranded between the smoky fulminations of John Cotton and her husband's laconic, eternal presence. One superb passage (stanzas 19-21), as fine as anything in American poetry, describing the birth of her child, is the poem's anchor and fulcrum, a magnetic point of supreme reality and dramatic "realism" that safely carries the poem past any dangers lurking in the sometimes opprobrious word "melodrama."

SOME traces of decorative mania remain. "Wan dolls in indigo on gold: refrain my western lust . . ." may be pretty fancy talk, perhaps, for a Puritan lady transplanted to Boston at 18. But Berryman reminds us that her father, Thomas Dudley, was secretary to the Earl of Lincoln; and much can be granted her by sympathetic analogy, both in the high speech and the low. Nor should we forget that Berryman is framing her in a sort of intricate neo-baroque, for a further touch of irony and authenticity. And if we object to such seemingly functionless inversions as "Can be hope a cloak?," well, that supplies a rhyme and is only a small concession, after all, to the vanity of form. Altogether, it is a wonderful poem, and should be read by anyone who thinks that contemporary poets can only work in marble or plaster.



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## MOVIES

# *Symposium*

AGATHON: What do you want to do tonight?

ION: I don't know. What do *you* want to do tonight?

AGATHON: Socrates, what do you want to do?

SOCRATES: What do you mean, what do I want to do?

AGATHON: I mean what do you want to *do*?

ARISTOPHANES: Come on you guys. Let's *go* somewhere.

ION: Let's go pick up boys.

AGATHON: Let's not and say we did.

ION: You have a sense of humor, you know?

AGATHON: Yeah.

ION: See any good movies lately?

AGATHON: I seen *The Bachelor Party*.*

OMNES: I seen it too.

AGATHON: Seriously, what did you think of it you guys? I mean what did you think of it?

ION: I don't know. I thought it was pretty good. It's just about some guys, like us, getting drunk. But it *had* something. It had *warmth*. I don't know . . .

AGATHON: I know what you mean. It's about some guys getting drunk, some bookkeepers, but something happens to each of them. Each of them *reveals* something about himself.

ION: That's what I was going to say. Each of them *reveals* something about himself. They're all lonely and frustrated. They're all caught up in their environment.

AGATHON: Yeah, like the young married guy whose wife just got pregnant. He needs a baby like I need a hole in the head. He's going to night school learning accountancy. He feels pretty bitter.

ION: The older guys don't have it so good either. There's the one with asthma, who can't afford to go to Arizona. And the other one. He can't ever get out of the house. What a life.

AGATHON: You can say that again.

ION: The bachelor's life isn't such a bed of roses either. He's supposed to be such a makeout artist. Deep down he's a very lonely guy.

AGATHON: And the guy who's just going to be married to this dog. He's scared stiff. He's 32 years old and he never . . . you know what I mean. Anyway it had warmth.

ION: Sure: After knocking around all night from bar to bar they end up at this party in the Village. Talk about phoney. Then the young married guy goes home and tells his wife he loves her. That's where the warmth comes in and the message. Everybody's got to have someone to love. Then life

* *The Bachelor Party*, by Paddy Chayefsky (United Artists).


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isn't so bad, if you've got someone to love, even if it's a lousy life . . .

ARISTOPHANES: You guys talk like a book. You sound like my mother.

ION: What's the matter with *you?* I thought it was pretty good, personally.

ARISTOPHANES: I thought it was for the birds.

SOCRATES: What do you mean, you thought it was for the birds?

ARISTOPHANES: When I go to the movies, I go for laughs. I don't go to see "guys like us." Guys like us I can see on any street corner. How about we go catch the new *Tarzan* at the Roxy?

ION: Aristophanes, you know what you are? I'll tell you. You're a reverse snob, is what.

SOCRATES: A what?

ION: A reverse snob.

SOCRATES: What do you mean by that?

AGATHON: *I* know what he means. He means Aristophanes just wants to be different. Everybody goes for Paddy Chayefsky. *He's* got to be different. He gives me a pain.

ION: That Chayefsky, he's got an ear.

ARISTOPHANES: He's got a tape-recorder.

AGATHON: Socrates, you haven't said nothing. What do you think?

ION: He's reading the paper.

AGATHON: What are you reading that's so important, I mean what are you reading that you can't . . .

SOCRATES: I'm reading about an interview with Paddy Chayefsky . . .

ION: No kidding.

SOCRATES: No kidding it's interesting. He says here what he's done is nothing. It's the *actors.* "Many times," he says, "I've seen them improvise on a given situation creating much more life-like words than were written."

AGATHON: So that's how he does it.

SOCRATES: He says, "If the actor suggests changes in the dialogue because he feels more comfortable with these changes, his needs should be granted, unless they damage the play. This doesn't happen too frequently, because there are very few basic lines in a script that are vital to the story."

AGATHON: Say, I never thought of that.

ION: Me neither.

AGATHON: But what did you think of the *picture,* Socrates.

SOCRATES: I don't know. It was all right. It was honest all right, and social. You go away thinking you've learned something about Society.

AGATHON: You sure do. What's wrong with that?

SOCRATES: Everything. Actually you haven't learned anything about society. You've learned something about sociology.

ION: What do you mean, Socrates, sociology?

SOCRATES: It's a science. You go on field trips and observe things about people, and write it down. What they wear, how they talk, who they vote for, what drive-in church they worship at, what comic strip character they like, how much they make, what gang their kid belongs to . . . everything. Nothing, unless it isn't trivial enough, escapes you. Then you go home and read it over, what you've got. It's called data. Then you look for a "social pattern," and find it. Then, if you're a TV writer, you look for "dramatic possibilities," and find *them.* Then you get rich. Everybody, you see, likes Sociology. It's a way of looking at people without looking at them. It doesn't take any trouble (we've got enough troubles), and at the same time it doesn't take you *out* of "contemporary problems," like *Tarzan* does. Twenty years from now the data will be different; and so will the verdict on *The Bachelor Party.*

ION: Who's talking about twenty years from now? Who cares?

AGATHON: Yeah. We was just talking about a picture You'd think we was talking about art or something. I mean, we was just talking about a picture.

ARISTOPHANES: So what do you want to *do* tonight?

JANET WINN

●

## Notes on Contributors

ROBERT GRAVES, British poet and man of letters, has just published his newest novel, *They Hanged My Saintly Billy.*

PHILIP DEANE is Washington correspondent of *The Observer* (London) and *The Toronto Globe and Mail.*

HARRY T. MOORE is the author of several books of criticism, including a full-scale study of Steinbeck.

BASS YARLING, a New York litterateur and former reporter, claims to be the only hog-farmer on 13th St.

FREDERIC W. COLLINS is Washington correspondent of *The Providence (R. I.) Journal.*

HAROLD WITT is a young California poet.

R. W. FLINT has received the *Partisan Review* fellowship in criticism.

JANET WINN has contributed several controversial articles to this journal.


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# Correspondence

*(Continued from page 3)*

help from the United States and from England. I believe this is twisting the real facts. Kennan even declared that there is *no evidence* that Russia would have been willing to continue to fight and that *all the evidence* points the other way. This is a flagrant, dogmatic statement which is not in accord with the facts.

I was in Russia at the time with the American YMCA and in charge of government relations. It came to my knowledge that both Lenin and Trotsky were afraid that Japan would invade Siberia and that Russia might be attacked by England, France and the United States. Trotsky and Lenin were, therefore, willing to continue to fight against Germany if they could receive assurance that England and the United States would send help. The cables Col. Robins tried to send the State Department and which Lockhart did send to England are a matter of record. They clearly show Russia was considering continuing to fight if help were promised but no such assurance was sent.

I think history should be written to record the truth not the speculations of a man who did not see the events and who in his final conclusion ignores a great deal of evidence. Turn to the memoirs of Trotsky, consult the records of Allan Wardwell of the American Red Cross, see what Lockhart of England thought at the time. All of this evidence as well as that of Col. Robins contradicts the final conclusion of Kennan in this book.

JEROME DAVIS

*West Haven, Conn.*

### ► *Mrs. Handy's Writing Stable*

SIRS:

PERHAPS I should be more discreet in my comments on Lowney Handy's pedagogical eccentricities, since there is still pending a little matter of a $50 loan from her so I could escape the confines of Marshall, Ill. Lowney has never dunned me and has many admirable qualities combined with a will of iron.

I note from David Ray's review (*NR*, April 22) that she now has her peons copying Hemingway and Thomas Wolfe. If there had been that much enlightenment in my time I might have remained there more than three days. But it was my misfortune to be set to re-typing the turgid prose of someone named Tess Schlesinger, and I was told all I had to look forward to was Faulkner, then the current idol at the writer's colony.

What I objected to most violently though, even more so than Tess, was rising at 6 a.m. for a diet of nothing but powdered coffee and six hours in a cell facing a typewriter before nourishment was permitted.

This may work well for James Jones, and I have nothing but admiration for *From Here to Eternity*, but judging from your review of the Edwin Daly novel it is not sure-fire.

Then there was the problem of Lowney's insistence upon a monastic life, except for an occasional Saturday night fling across the state line in Terre Haute (I think it was Terre Haute but I didn't stay long enough to learn first hand about the delights of the cribs and parlor houses there).

My feeling, then and still, is that a writer doesn't do his best when completely cut off from normal social intercourse.

As for David Ray's contention that the atmosphere at Lowney's colony is "anti-intellectual," I'm inclined to agree. The conversation to which I was exposed sometimes touched literary subjects but the approach was invariably dominated by Jones' tough guy vocabulary and an intense scorn for anything more complex than "damn good" or "lousy crap."

RIDGELY CUMMINGS

*Hollywood, California*

### ► *Major Barbara*

SIRS:

ASSUMING that what Mr. Zeiger says (*NR*, May 20) about Miss Ann Jackson is true, there is, I submit, an obvious explanation and, for her, exculpation. *Major Barbara* has been produced, more or less, as a concert reading, *i.e.*, purely in terms of speeches. Attention is always focussed on the speaker, which means that unspoken dramatic action is ruined. Now, unlike *Don Juan in Hell, Major Barbara* reaches its climax in a scene where the main action is unspoken until the very end—the main action being Barbara's gradual and silent realization that her religiousness has been a swindle. The famous, almost infamous curtain line is: "My God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" and it will only sound ridiculous, not to say blasphemous, if it is not very sure-footedly led up to. And it can only be led up to by orthodox acting and directing—namely, by subordination of the words to the real action as say, during Nora's great silence in the last scene of *A Doll's House*. The possibility of correct performance here was, however, excluded from the start, Miss Jackson and the title role being the victim of the production scheme.

ERIC BENTLEY

*New York, N. Y.*

### ► *A Forthcoming Beard Biography*

SIRS:

I AM writing a biography of the historian Charles A. Beard, and would very much appreciate any unpublished correspondence or reminiscences readers might have.

PAUL L. SCHMUNK

*617 Solano SE*
*Albuquerque, New Mexico*

### ► *Haggin on Music*

SIRS:

LET me express my warm appreciation of your enterprise in securing the comment of B. H. Haggin on the musical scene, particularly with reference to long playing phonograph records. He is in a class by himself, at the very top of musical criticism.

BENJAMIN H. KIZER

*Spokane, Washington*

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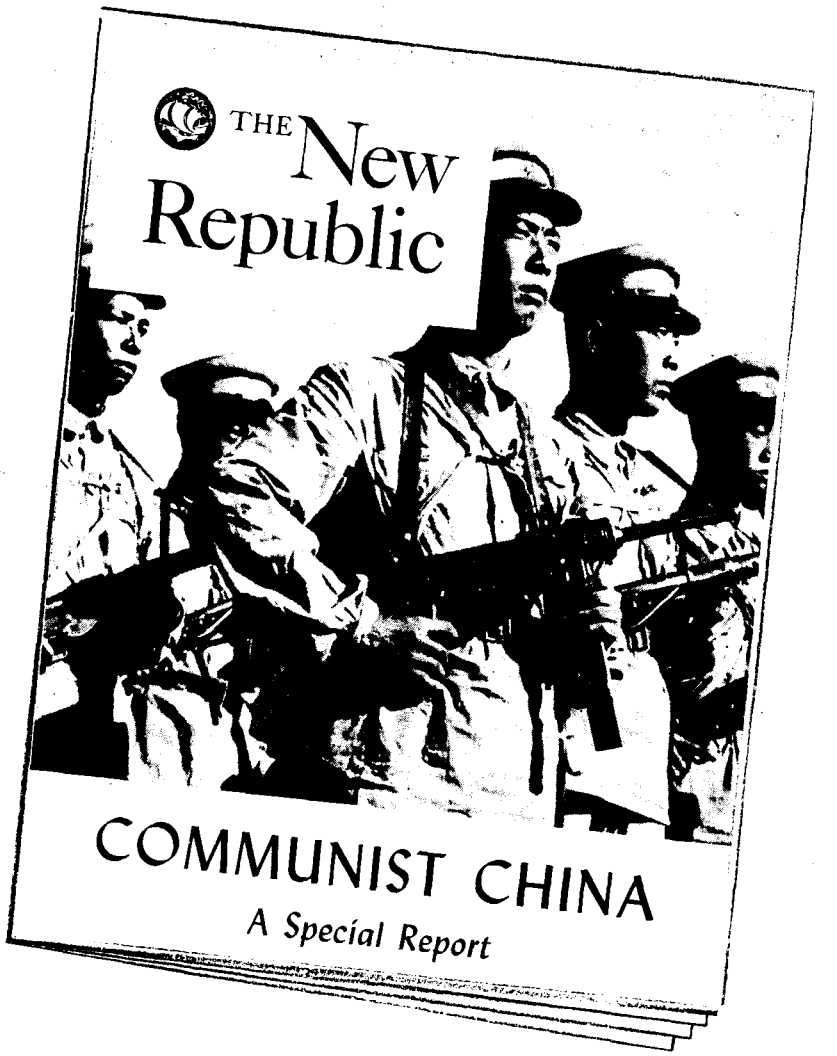


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